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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

PROFESSOR MORSE'S LETTER.

[Prof. Morse, the President of the Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge, has recently replied to a note from a personal friend and political opponent, in a letter from which the following are extracts:]

CHARACTER OF ABOLITIONISM.

By the manner in which you allude to the "extreme radicalism and infidelity of the Garrison stamp," I am glad to find we have a common standpoint from which to view a portion of the field. Look at that dark conclave of conspirators, freedom-shriekers, Bible-spurners, fierce, implacable, headstrong, denunciatory, Constitution and Union haters, noisy, factious, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against all who venture a difference of opinion from them, murderous, passionate advocates of imprisonments and hangings, bloodthirsty, and if there is any other epithet of atrocity found in the vocabulary of wickedness, do they not every one fitly designate some phase of radical abolitionism?

DISTINCTIONS BETWEEN ABOLITIONISTS AND REPUBLICANS IMPOSSIBLE.

But you would have us make a distinction between these "radicals and infidels of the Garrison stamp," and the "immense party which," as you say, "came into being and into power only on the grand purpose of resisting Southern aggression."

I ask you now to look at the state of the country. Is it not true that the abolition element has acquired the control of that "immense party" of which you speak? Are you not advocating and supporting the abolition policy of the Administration? Is it not true that these very "radicals and infidels of the Garrison stamp," whom you justly loathe, have framed and passed the most offensive abolition measures that tinge the whole policy of the Administration? So notorious is this fact that to ask is to answer the question.

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION AND THE CORNER-STONE.

I am sorry to find you defending the President's Emancipation proclamation. It is a measure which I have considered from the moment of its promulgation unwise, unconstitutional and calamitous, productive of evil and only evil, a measure that, more than any other, has tended to divide the counsels of the North, and unite the South, and render the restoration of the national Union next to hopeless. Your defence of it rests on a fallacy. You say, "If it is a legitimate function of our government to destroy the fabric of the Southern Confederacy, *a fortiori*, is it not justified in removing that which their own highest authorities pronounce to be its *corner-stone?*" To answer your question intelligently, it is necessary to know the nature of that *corner-stone*, before we can pronounce whether the government would be justified in removing or attempting to remove it. If the stone should happen to be a providential fixture, unalterable in its very nature by anything that man can do, a condition of a physical character, not to be affected by any act of man, you will agree with me, that the government would not be justified in making any such necessarily abortive and quixotic attempt. I presume from your question you have adopted the prevalent misunderstanding of a passage in Mr. Stephens's speech at Savannah, in which he speaks of the corner-stone of the Confederate government. You assume that this corner-stone is slavery, and so our government is justified in its measures to destroy slavery. Although a great multitude both in Europe and America entertain this stereotyped error, and it has within a few days been twice reiterated in the late non-intervention report of the Senate Committee of Foreign Relations, yet it is none the less an egregious misapprehension of Mr. Stephens's remark, and a false assumption that the Confederate government have adopted any such corner-stone. In the first place, if Mr. Stephens had made such an announcement in his speech (which he has not), that would not constitute law for the government. We do not look for the authority of the fundamental law of a government in a casual speech of any members of its administration, not even from the President, but in the fundamental law itself, in its written, official, accepted Constitution. Now, there is not one word in the Constitution of the Confederacy that gives color to any such idea as slavery being the corner-stone of the government; on the contrary, section 9, article 1, clearly repudiates it. For if slavery is the adopted corner-stone of their government, common sense suggests that in their fundamental law they would and should use every effort to strengthen and support it, and yet they forbid in that section and article that very policy which would give strength and permanency to such a corner-stone. Mr. Stephens, however, has made no such declaration, yet he is quoted everywhere as the source whence this wide-spread erroneous apothegm has proceeded. It may be well to ventilate this matter more thoroughly.

THE CORNER-STONE IS THE INEQUALITY OF THE TWO RACES.

Let us learn what Mr. Stephens actually did say. His language is this: "The foundations of our new government are laid, its corner-stone rests upon"—what? slavery? no, "upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man, that slavery"—which he then defines to be "subordination to the superior race"—"is his natural and normal condition. This our new government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical and moral truth." This language could not be applied to slavery. It would be a strange misapplication of terms to call slavery a physical, philosophical and moral truth. He had just been stating to his hearers that the ideas prevalent at the time our Federal Constitution was formed "rested upon the assumption of the equality of the races." This proposition he declares to be unsound, and that the new government was founded upon exactly the opposite ideas. The error on one side, which he combats, is the assumed equality of the races. The opposite truth which he propounds is the physical, philosophical and moral truth, that the two races are not equal, and the inference he draws from this truth is that this physical difference determines the status of the inferior race. I confess I cannot see how to escape that conclusion, except by denying the inequality of the races; by denying that there is this physical difference between them: for if there is this difference, then one race of necessity is superior, and the other inferior, and if the two physically unequal races are compelled to live together in the same community, the superior must govern the inferior. Can you avoid this conclusion?

PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND MR. STEPHENS PROCLAIM THE SAME CORNER-STONE.

Perhaps you may think I have adopted Southern views on this point, and that the inequality and physical differences of the two races are altogether Southern dogmas. I need not cross the Potomac to find the same great truth proclaimed in a quarter entitled to respect, and by one who politically outranks the Vice-President of the Confederacy, to wit, the President of the United States.

You will recollect the interview, on August 14th, 1862, between a committee of colored men and President Lincoln, invited by him to hear what he had to say to them. His object in summoning them before him was to persuade them to *emigrate*, and he bases his argument to them on the very corner-stone declared by Mr. Stephens, to wit, the physical difference or inequality of the two races. President Lincoln's plan was to *separate the races*.

"You and we," said he to them, "are different races. We have between us a *broader difference* than exists between any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss, but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think. Your race are suffering, in my judgment, the greatest wrong inflicted on any people. But even when you cease to be slaves, you are far from being placed on an equality with the white race. On this broad continent, not a single man of your race is made the equal of a single man of ours. Go where you are treated the best, and the ban is still upon you. I do not propose to discuss this, but to present it as a fact with which we have to deal. I cannot alter it if I would. It is a fact about which we all feel and think alike, I and you."

THEIR DIFFERENT MODES OF DEALING WITH THE CORNER-STONE.

Thus you perceive that both President Lincoln and Mr. Stephens are in perfect accord in accepting and acting upon the same great truth. President Lincoln accepts the *physical inequality* of the two races as completely as Mr. Stephens, for where there is a *broader difference* than exists between almost any other two races, it would be absurd to say they are *equal*, especially when the President justly adds that this difference is *physical;* that is, grounded in the original constitution of each race. The only difference between the President of the United States and Mr. Stephens is in the use to which they put this physical, philosophical and moral truth—this corner-stone. Mr. Stephens proposes it in his Savannah speech as the basis of the new government; Mr. Lincoln adopts it as the basis of his plan of separating the races, because of this physical difference. Mr. Stephens take the stone, as a whole, upon which he would construct a government. Mr. Lincoln would split the stone and drag the parts asunder. Mr. Stephens accepts the fact, and adjusts his fabric to it. Mr. Lincoln also accepts the fact, and is perplexed with inextricable difficulties in his attempts to dispose of the two portions of the common corner-stone.

THE PRESIDENT'S PERPLEXITIES IN DEALING WITH THE CORNER-STONE.

It is well to notice these perplexities of the President's mind as they are manifested in his singular interview with this colored delegation. The great truth of the physical difference of the two races is so palpable that he cannot controvert it, and he frankly declines to make the attempt; yet, while accepting the fact, he more than doubts the wisdom of the fact itself by raising the singular question of *right and wrong* upon its existence, and thus (no doubt unconsciously) impugns the wisdom of the Creator; for who but God could ordain a *physical* difference in the two races? The raising of the question, therefore, whether a *physical* fact is "right or wrong," as if there were two sides to such a question, directly implicates the wisdom of the Creator. The President, too, while declining to dicuss this question of right and wrong, actually decides it to be wrong, by declaring it to be a "disadvantage to both" races, in his opinion. The plain good sense of most of the remarks of the President in his interview, and the collisions of thought in his own breast which he discloses, where truths and doubts come into constant conflict, point to some great radical disturbing error, not in the President's mind alone, but pervading the popular mind on the subject of African slavery everywhere.

THE GREAT ERROR OF THE WORLD ON SLAVERY.

The great fallacy, so rife everywhere throughout the world, that slavery is the cause of our national troubles, rests on the almost universal persistent closing of the eyes to this fact of the physical difference between the two races. Slavery is not the cause of the sectional war, but a blind and mad resistance to a physical condition which God has ordained, and which man is in vain attempting to subvert.

THE CORNER-STONE, DULY ACKNOWLEDGED, WILL SOLVE THE VEXED QUESTION OF SLAVERY.

Take your stand on this great acknowledged fact that the African and white races are physically different; follow out this truth to its logical result, and the question of slavery, or subordination of the inferior to the superior race, is clearly solved in all its phases.

Do you ask how?

First—We must accept as a fixed fact that ordinance of God which he has decreed, that the two races are *physically different*, and not complicate the fact with any modifications drawn from the prevalent, visionary, infidel notions of an *equality* which has no existence, nor make any vain attempt to fix upon the mere relation of superior and inferior, or of rulers and ruled, moral or religious qualities which God in His Word has not fixed to the relation.

Second—We must leave to each and every State in the Union where the two races exist together, whether in larger or smaller proportions, unmolested control over any adjustment of their relations to each other.

Third—In the kindly spirit of the fathers of 1787, which they brought to the construction of our priceless Constitution, we should refrain from embittering the relations of the two races by an irritating busybodyism, a meddlesome interference with the manner in which the duties belonging to their relation to each other are or are not fulfilled, and taking the Apostle's counsel "to be quiet and mind our own business."

These three directions, carried out in a Christian spirit faithfully, would restore the Union on the only basis on which it can ever be restored. Whether enlightened reason can make its voice heard in this din of warring passions and interests, so that its "Peace, be still," can calm the storm that is desolating us, is a question I will not pretend to answer. It is to the true, sober, Christian sentiment of the country, when disenthralled from its entanglement with the delusive socialistic and infidel theories of the day, that we look with any hope for our national salvation.

I have dwelt at some length on this one point, because of its paramount importance. It is a noticeable and gratifying circumstance that our President and the Vice-President of the Southern government are in accord on a fundamental principle. Union of opinion on one point, especially if that point be fundamental, is hopeful, and prophetic of further conciliation, perhaps pacification, in the future.

Selections.

HOW NOT TO GET NEGRO SOLDIERS.

We have all been rejoicing over the brilliant reports that come to us from the negro brigade in Florida. It is no longer a question whether negro troops are valuable, and negro enlistments already receive a new impetus.

And yet the historian of these times will write it down as a remarkable illustration of the *meanness* which marks our policy that to this day every negro we enlist goes into the field with a halter around his neck, and we have not the manhood to take the simplest measures for removing it.

The rebel threat to turn over to the soldiers for execution, or to the State authorities, to be dealt with under State laws, every negro taken in arms, remains untouched, and emphasised by the brutal massacres of Murfreesboro. Every negro who enlists does so with the prospect of being sold into slavery, if captured, staring him in the face as the mildest fate he can expect.

What redress do we aver? We talked very bravely when the negro enlistment bill was up in Congress. "Every enlisted man must be treated as a soldier, no matter what his color; and if be is not so treated, then blood must atone for blood." But the rebel order remains unrepealed; its barbarous execution in every instance where they have had the opportunity to execute it, remains unavenged; and still, offering them tenfold the dangers our white soldiers incur and none of the protections, we ask negroes to enlist in this war and fight for their liberties!

They naturally hesitate at becoming soldiers without being secured the treatment of soldiers. What then? Do we guarantee to them what is so clearly their right? This great country, so tender of its soldiers, so jealous of their privileges and rights, instead of encouraging these negroes it seeks to enlist by pledging them the ordinary securities of war—without taking any steps to prevent them from being murdered, or to protect them in rebel prisons, proceeds, in certain districts, to *draft every able-bodied man of them!*

In all our dealings with the negro since we first enslaved him, has there ever been anything so essentially *mean* as this compelling him to run ten times the risk our white soldiers incur, and giving him none of the protection we secure to them?

Yet we *have* touched one lower depth of meanness, on the same subject! It is when the poor negroes in the North, having no bounties to stimulate their patriotism, save these prospects of being murdered or sold into slavery, hesitate about volunteering to encounter infinitely greater perils for far less reward, and we vent our disappointment by exclaiming, "We told you so; of course they won't fight; they're only poor, cowardly niggers anyway!"

PROF. NEWMAN ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

[On the evening of March 30th, Professor Francis W. Newman delivered a lecture in London on the American War, of which we find the following report in *The Evening Star:*]

Professor Newman, who was received with loud cheers, began by stating that the object of his lecture was not so much to insist on the wicked ends of the South, as to show how good and how wise was the cause of President Lincoln and the great party which had raised him to power. For forty years the North, shrinking from a rude shock with the Slave Power, had failed in their duty to the enslaved negro. The great problem was, what were the free States to do? How were they to liberate the negroes? One solution propounded by an English Bishop and approved by Archbishop Whately, was to impose an *ad valorem* price on slaves, and then to empower the Federal government to buy up as many slaves as they pleased at that price—a plan just as practical as the scheme to catch a sparrow by putting salt on its tail (laughter). The South were resolved that slavery should not be terminated—they would not choose to fix a price on slaves, nor to do anything to injure a system which they were struggling to extend. A second solution which had found wonderful favor with those who seemed desirous to break up the Union above all things was, that the free States should peaceably separate from the slave States, and thus set at liberty their own consciences. But in the first place this scheme could have done no good to the slaves whose prospects it must have rendered more hopeless than ever. The South had rebelled to obtain undivided control over itself, to intensify and extend the horrible system of slavery, and to revive in one form or other the African slave trade; and if the North had allowed it to get its will it would have been a cowardly dereliction of duty (cheers). It would have been treason not only to the negroes but to the industrious portion of the Southern whites, whose interests were adverse to slavery. Then the North would have had to maintain great armies in defence of a vast frontier, over which fugitive slaves would have been pursued by marauding hunters. Besides, he could not see how peace could be maintained between two powers so intensely unlike—the one loving freedom and the other fanatically devoted to slavery; and in addition to all this he believed that the South would not have allowed the North to separate peaceably. He confessed that this scheme had once found advocates among that noble-hearted band of enthusiasts, the Garrisonians, who had given the great moral impulse to the cause of abolition, but who were deficient in statesmanship. The Republican party had adopted the practical political course, and were justly regarded as Abolitionists by the South. Having experienced the countless blessings of the Union they held it to be their duty to cling to it, and to use constitutional means for correcting what was defective; and he said it was a cruel slander to say that those men were not warm friends of freedom, merely because they deprecated selecting war as the best means of promoting it. If the South had remained in the Union the Republican party could have done a great many things to weaken slavery. The President by his own authority could have put in force the laws against the slave trade, could have declared all free men of color citizens of the Union, could have liberated all slaves carried into the Territories, could have enforced the faithful delivery of newspapers and letters by the Post Office; and if he had gained a majority in the Senate—which might have been reckoned on at no distant date—he could have recognized Hayti and Liberia, made a treaty with England for mutual right of search from the District of Columbia, and also all the arsenals and ports of the United States over which Congress had exclusive jurisdiction. All this the North hoped and the South dreaded. Still more, the right of Congress to prevent the inter-State slave traffic would have been warmly agitated. This was one of the worst features of slavery, because it led to the separation and dispersion of families. Lord Macaulay had pronounced it to be even more atrocious than the African slave trade. A majority in the Senate might have been gained for freedom, and judges of the Supreme Court appointed from the ranks of freedom might have given a decision it its favor. All this might have been done constitutionally by the Republican party had the South remained in the Union. Professor Newman then referred to the allegation that the South had a right to secede, and said that the evidence was overwhelming that the States had no right to secede. The States had given up their individual sovereignty—all the forts were in the possession of the Federal government, which had a right to contract pecuniary engagements in the name of all for the protection of each, and the sole power to conclude alliances with foreign nations. The learned professor proceeded to state that on the secession of eight or nine States the whole controversy changed. Previously, the question was how slavery was to be repressed and finally extinguished by purely constitutional means; but now the question had come to be how they could secure that any laws or any constitution whatever could have any validity. The North justly thought that the precedent, if allowed, would have been a precedent of a most deadly kind—a precedent, too, which no one had more reason to deprecate than the Queen of England (cheers). It was said that President Lincoln would have brought the war to a close if he had succeeded in restoring the Union; but surely, as the end of the war was maintenance of the Union, there was no reason for prolonging it after that end had been gained, but if the South had returned to the Union they would have returned to it under a very different state of matters from that in which they had left it. They would have returned to find Columbia declared free, the Territories pronounced sacred to liberty, and treaties concluded for the suppression of the slave trade—none of which things could have been done so speedily but for the absence of the Southern members from Congress. Professor Newman then proceeded to consider what results they were to expect from the struggle now going on, and in doing so he said he would not speculate on military details, but simply recapitulate a few facts. In eighteen months the North had gained half the territory claimed by the South; had consolidated into her own interests Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, Western Virginia, and the great State of Missouri; she had recovered the three great navy yards and all the great fortresses except three; she held parts of Eastern Virginia, Tennessee, Louisiana, Carolina and Florida; while on not one inch of Northern soil had the South a footing (cheers). The Northern navy had risen to formidable proportions, and blockaded the whole of the Southern coast, while the South had no prospect of a navy, except, alas, from England (cries of "Shame"). The Democratic party, too, were hearty in the war. The industrial activity of the North was little affected, and labor was never better paid than last year. In the South industry was paralyzed, corn and forage were running short, their numbers were failing them, and their military population was becoming exhausted. From all these things it appeared to him that there would be absolute conquest by the North (cheers). But it was said that the great question still remained, "How would the North be able to govern the South if victorious?" This question occasioned great anxiety to Englishmen, who did not trouble themselves how England was to govern India after blowing Hindoos from the cannon's mouth (cheers). Lord Derby and Lord Russell had expressed great anxiety that the North should not conquer the South, because if they did they would never be able to govern it (laughter). Lord Russell had never expressed any misgiving as to the power of England to govern Oude when Lord Dalhousie annexed it on false pretences (cheers). Men who, if they did not howl for vengeance against innocent Hindoos, at least raised no protest against it, denounced Gen. Butler for saying a harsh word against the insolence of Southern women, who were the active supporters of slavery, reeking as it was with rape and incest (cheers). The most rotten of all tyrannies was the oligarchical Slave Power. It had no past history—no noble memories to kindle it—no cohesion of orders—no middle classes, and consisted of a few slaveholding families, with a mass of poor whites and 3,000,000 slaves. The interests of the poorer whites lay with the North, and experience proved that as the slave States came into the possession of the North, the poorer whites were rapidly converted to the cause of freedom. The conquest of the South would not only make the slave-owners helpless, but they would lose all motive for rebellion since the slaves were all free, and the result, he believed, would be that the families of the planters would soon become reconciled to the hard fate of being honorable citizens (cheers). If the President, after declaring the slaves free, now abandoned their cause, it would be treachery of the worst description, and would precipitate a servile war; but he was glad to say there was no indication of the North following in that course. He believed with Mrs. Stowe that the children of those whom the North were now fighting would rise up and call their assailants blessed (cheers).

Mr. Chesson, Hon. Secretary to the Emancipation Society, said it was desirable that the meeting should come to a practical conclusion. The question of the hour was the fitting out of ships of war in English ports for the Confederates, and public opinion ought to be brought to bear on government to enforce the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act. He begged therefore to move: "That this meeting recognize in the rebellion of the slaveholders in the Southern States of America an attempt to found a government upon principles which the civilized world has long pronounced infamous and inimical to the rights and interests of mankind; that this meeting, therefore, regards all attempts to afford assistance or support to the Southern Confederacy, by supplying ships, arms, or money, as an offence against morality, and worthy of indignant reprobation; and calls upon her Majesty's Ministers to frustrate by all the means within their power the designs of those persons who from base motives attempt to equip vessels of war, and by other means offend against the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act, in support of an unholy war against human liberty and constitutional government" (cheers).

Mr. Moore seconded the resolution, which was also supported by Mr. Holyoake, and declared carried amid hearty cheers.

GEN. BANKS'S PLAN WITH THE FREEDMEN.

REPORT OF REV. G. H. HEPWORTH.

New Orleans, March 24, 1863.

Major-Gen. N. P. Banks—*Sir:* In obedience to your request, I have attempted to carry into effect your plan respecting the relations between the planters and the negroes. I have visited every Provost-Marshal between New Orleans and Baton Rouge, and ascertained with some degree of accuracy the facts concerning the fugitive negroes in this Department. As I feared would be the case, I found their condition to be most deplorable. Indeed, so bad was it that I am sure it would have been the cause of some dreadful epidemic had no remedy been provided. The negroes have been crowding within our lines every day, in every possible state of destitution. Some have brought bundles on their heads containing their little all, but most have come with nothing but what they wore. It has been quite impossible to furnish them all with proper places to live in, so they have been allowed to build huts for themselves, or to occupy certain deserted houses, while rations have been served upon which they have subsisted.

Still, the necessary change in their mode of living, and the habits arising partly from their idleness and partly from their proximity to our camps, which have been contracted, have already begun to exhibit fatal results. It is not merely an act of humanity, but also a positive necessity, for government to provide some remedy for this alarmingly increasing evil.

At your suggestion, I carried into effect the proposition which you made to the planters, by which you promised to use all legitimate measures to induce the negro to return to his plantation, and secure his services to the planter during the coming season, on condition that the planter would bind himself to pay his negro a stipulated sum per month, to treat him properly, and to feed and clothe him; the planter punishing his negro only through the military authorities, and the negro having redress for any actual wrong through the same tribunal. I confess that I at first entertained serious misgivings as to the practical value of the plan. I feared to give any inducements to the negro to return to his plantation, for very obvious reasons.

I did not at first see how he could be properly protected, nor did I understand how the proposition could be carried out in good faith by either party. I feared, moveover, that the negro would get the impression that the government is unfriendly to him, and unwilling to help him in his efforts to be free. It seemed to me that, in carrying out the plan, I might seem to be thrusting back into slavery a man who had proved his desire for freedom by running away from his master and his home.

Determined, however, to put the matter to its practical test, and trusting more to your sagacity and reputation as a humane man than to my own inexperience, I went to Thibodaux to commence the work. I found there some five hundred negroes, most of whom were in a state of great excitement. They were huddled together in a few rude huts of their own construction, with no floors, and a roof open to every shower. A few of the men had found work on the roads or the levee. Some of the women were earning a few picayunes by washing for the soldiers, but most were living in necessary idleness, and getting into bad ways.

I had them called together, and told them that the government was friendly to them, but that it expected them to work for a living. I assured them that they would be protected against any of the outrages of which they complained, and then asked if they were willing to return to their plantations. They told me that they did not wish to live in idleness—that they would be glad to go to work. None of them showed any reluctance to go upon some government plantation, though all showed a great unwillingness to return to their old masters. I again assured them that they should be treated in every respect as hired hands, and then found that nearly all cheerfully assented to my proposition.

To my great regret, I found an alarming mortality among the children, caused by the unfavorable location which had been chosen for their huts, and by their mode of living.

I then visited Napoleonville, where I found that forty-seven planters had already entered into the arrangement, and that the plan promised good results both for the planter and the negro. In no case has any compulsion been used. The negro was simply told that he must work either upon the plantation, for a given sum, as wages, or upon the levee and roads for his rations only.

From Napoleonville I went to Donaldsonville, and thence to Baton Rouge. At the latter place I found about twelve hundred negroes, who, though everything was done for their comfort that was practicable, were in a deplorable condition. They seemed to live in a sort of community, regardless of the laws of virtue and cleanliness. I was informed by the superintendent that he has had under his charge an average of about a thousand, and that since December last, one hundred and seventy-two have died. This terrible per centage of mortality proves conclusively that some measures must be taken at once to change their condition. If left to themselves, they will inevitably breed pestilence. I telegraphed to Lieut. Hanks, Superintendent of Contrabands in New Orleans, who will see that most of them are placed on government plantations.

Having accomplished this much, I determined to visit the plantations to which the negroes had returned, to hold a conference with the planters and negroes, and thus ascertain the real merits of the plan. I have visited from sixty to seventy-five plantations, remaining upon each one a sufficient time; and I have to say that all my doubts have fled. I am confident that the plan is not only satisfactory to the planter and the negro, but also it really affords to the black man an experience which will do much to fit him for the freedom to which he is destined if the war continues. It insures a crop for the coming season; it saves the government the expense of feeding the negro; and by remunerating him for his labor, it teaches him the use of money, and the value of his services. It, moreover, takes the peculiar sting from slavery by its tendency to elevate the black man to the position of the white laborer. As you have yourself very happily expressed it, "it gives the slave his future." He is vastly more comfortable in his plantation hut with his family about him, and protected by the government, than he can possibly be in any position which we can afford him while the war continues.

I think the negro understands this himself. I have talked with several thousands, and I find them far more intelligent, and better aware of the position of affairs, than I had been led to expect. I have no doubt that the negroes in this Department, reposing confidence in the government, will remain cheerfully upon the plantations during the present season, trusting in Providence for that future of freedom to which I know they are all looking.

I hope you will allow me to conclude by saying that our country should be grateful to you for this humane movement. I am sure that if the plan is carried out in the spirit and in the largeness of view with which it was conceived, the black man, nominally a slave to-day as much as ever in the parishes of this Department, will have as great facilities offered to him for fitting himself for freedom as are offered in any other part of our country.

Thanking you for the confidence you have reposed in me by allowing me the honor of putting the plan to its practical test, I remain your obedient servant,

George H. Hepworth.

DEMOCRACY ON NEGROES.

The State of Delaware in 1860 had 1,798 slaves to 110,418 free inhabitants. There is probably not an intelligent person in the State who does not know that, apart from all considerations of morality and justice, it is the clear *interest* of her people to rid themselves of slavery—that her lands would be enhanced in value by emancipation to an extent far beyond the value of all her slaves. But slavery is needed for *political* ends—is a means by which her Bayards and Saulsburys keep in office, and throw her weight into the scale of the Slave Power. Hence she gave her vote in 1856 to Buchanan, and in 1860 to Breckinridge, and her representation in Congress is wholly of the Copperhead persuasion.

At her election last November, a determined effort was made by her loyal citizens, and they carried their Governor, William Cannon, by 111 majority; but were beaten on Congress by 37, and the two lower and less populous Counties went for Democracy—that is, slavery and rebellion—giving that side two-thirds of the Legislature, and returning the Hon. James A Bayard to the Senate. But Gov. Cannon's vote was higher than their highest, and gives promise that the State will soon be free.

The Democratic Legislature chosen by the pro-slavery minority of her people proceeded to enact a Free Negro law, whereof the provisions are as follows:

Sec. 1. No free negro or mulatto must henceforth come into the State to live; and any one who shall have been absent five days must not return.

Sec. 2. Prescribes a penalty of $50 for any negro or mulatto coming into the State—he to be sold if the price is not paid.

Sec. 3. Negroes or mulattoes must hold no camp-meetings, and no other out-door meetings. Fine for attending such meetings, $10; imprisonment and sale if said fine be not duly paid.

Sec. 4. Another fine of $10 for any negro or mulatto attending a *political* meeting. Imprisonment and sale if the fine be not duly paid.

Sec. 5. Any captain or conductor who brings a negro or mulatto into the State to attend any meeting to be fined $200.

Sec. 6. Any person who shall employ or harbor a negro or mulatto, non-resident, being notified that he is such, to pay $5 per day for the time of so doing—one half to go to the State, the residue to the informer.

Sec. 7. No negro or mulatto must have a gun, pistol, sword, or other deadly weapon; under penalty of $10 fine, imprisonment and sale into slavery.

Sec. 8. Whoever shall sell or lend fire-arms or ammunition to a negro must pay a fine of $20.

Sec. 9. No free negro or mulatto must be at a religious meeting after 9 p.m., nor after sunset unless there be three responsible white males present. Negroes must hold or attend no meeting save religious meetings, as aforesaid, or funerals. Fine $10; to be sold if the fine be not paid.

Sec. 10. No free negro or mulatto must preach, exhort, or hold any religious meeting save in the County wherein he is a legal resident. Fine $20, imprisonment and sale.

Sec. 11. No free negro or mulatto must vote at any election or hold any office.

Sec. 12. Any free negro or mulatto away from home after 10 at night to pay a fine of $5 to $10—one-half to the informer.

Such is the substance of what they call a *law* in Delaware—Democratic law—a law to keep the most ignorant and degraded class of the people of that State hopelessly ignorant and degraded, abused and oppressed, evermore. Such are the laws which New York Democracy to-day countenances and upholds—which this Democracy tends to perfect in iniquity and make universal. Ought any human or just person to countenance them?—*Tribune.*

THE ARMING OF NEGROES.

SPEECH OF ADJT.-GEN. THOMAS AT LAKE PROVIDENCE, LA.

THE PRESIDENT'S POLICY UNALTERABLE.

Fellow-Soldiers: Your Commanding General has so fully stated the object of my mission, that it is almost unnecessary for me to say anything to you in reference to it. Still, as I come here with full authority from the President of the United States to announce the policy which, after mature deliberation, has been determined upon by the wisdom of the nation, it is my duty to make known to you clearly and fully the features of that policy. It is a source of extreme gratification to me to come before you this day, knowing as I do full well, how glorious have been your achievements on the field of battle. No soldier can come before soldiers of tried valor, without having the deepest emotions of his soul stirred within him. These emotions I feel on the present occasion, and I beg you will listen to what I have to say as soldiers receiving from a soldier the commands of the President of the United States.

I came from Washington clothed with the fullest power in this matter. With this power, I can act as if the President of the United States were himself present. I am directed to refer nothing to Washington, but to act promptly—what I have to do to do at once—to strike down the unworthy and to elevate the deserving.

I can only speak briefly and cannot enter into the details of the subject at present. It may be that some of you are better acquainted with this country than I am, but all my early military life was spent in the South. I know this whole region well. I am a *Southern* man, and, if you will, born with Southern prejudices; but I am free to say that the policy I am now to announce to you I endorse with my whole heart. You know full well—for you have been over this country—that the rebels have sent into the field all their available fighting men—every man capable of bearing arms, and you know they have kept at home all their slaves for the raising of subsistence for their armies in the field. In this way they can bring to bear against us all the strength of their so-called Confederate States, while we at the North can only send a portion of our fighting force, being compelled to leave behind another portion to cultivate our fields and supply the wants of an immense army. The Administration has determined to take from the rebels this source of supply—to take their negroes and compel them to send back a portion of their whites to cultivate their deserted plantations, and very poor persons they would be to fill the place of the dark-hued laborer. They must do this, or their armies will starve. You know perfectly well that rebels had an opportunity offered them under the Proclamation of the President in September, to lay down their arms and come back into the Union. They failed to do it. Not but that the hearts of many men in the South were with us and against the rebellion. The leaders of the rebellion, Jeff. Davis and his satellites, would not permit it, therefore they are still in arms against us.

On the first day of January last the President issued his proclamation declaring that from that day forward all the slaves in the States then in rebellion should be free. You know that vast numbers of these slaves are within your borders, inside the lines of this army. They come into your camps and you cannot but receive them. The authorities in Washington are very much pained to hear, and I fear with truth in many cases, that some of these poor unfortunates have on different occasions been turned away from us, and their applications for admission within our lines have been refused by our officers and soldiers. This is not the way to use freedmen. The question came up in Washington, "What is best to be done with this unfortunate race?" They are coming upon us in such numbers that some provision must be made for them. You cannot send them North. You all know the prejudices of the Northern people against receiving large numbers of the colored race. Some States have passed laws forbidding them to come within their borders. At this day, in some States, persons who have brought them have been arraigned before the Courts to answer for the violation of State enactments.

Look along the river and see the multitude of deserted plantations upon its banks. These are the places for these freedmen, where they can be self-sustaining and self-supporting. All of you will some day be on picket duty, and I charge you all if any of this unfortunate race come within your lines that you do not turn them away, but receive them kindly and cordially. They are to be encouraged to come to us. They are to be received with open arms; they are to be fed and clothed; *they are to be armed.*

This is the policy that has been fully determined upon. I am here to say that I am authorized to raise as many regiments of blacks as I can. I am authorized to give commissions, from the highest to the lowest, and I desire those persons who are earnest in this work to take hold of it. I desire only those whose hearts are in it, and to them alone will I give commissions. I don't care who they are or what their present rank may be. I do not hesitate to say that all proper persons will receive commissions.

While I am authorized thus in the name of the Secretary of War, I have the fullest authority to dismiss from the army any man, be his rank what it may, whom I find maltreating the freedmen. This part of my duty I will most assuredly perform if any case comes before me. I would rather do that than give commissions, because such men are unworthy the name of soldiers.

I hope to hear that in this splendid division, as I know it to be, veterans, as Napoleon would call them—for you are veterans—I hope to hear before I leave that I shall be able to raise at least a regiment from among you. I don't want to stop at *one*, nor at *two*. I must have two at least. It is possible that I can procure four. I would like to raise on this river twenty regiments at least before I go back. I shall take all the women and children and all the men unfit for our military organizations, and place them on these plantations; then take these regiments and put them in the rear. They will guard the rear effectively. Knowing the country well, and familiar with all the roads and swamps, they will be able to track out the accursed guerillas and run them from the land. When I get regiments raised, you may sweep out into the interior with impunity. Recollect, for every regiment of blacks I raise, I raise a regiment of whites to face the foe in the field. This, fellow-soldiers, is the determined policy of the Administration. You all know full well, when the President of the United States, though said to be slow in coming to a determination, when he once puts his foot down it is there, and he is not going to take it up. He has put his foot down; I am here to assure you that my official influence shall be given that he shall not raise it..

A STORY OF A CONTRABAND.

[We take the following from a letter by Fred. L. Olmsted in the Hartford *Press.*]

Among the company which was working under him at Memphis, Capt. Janney said there was one very active, sharp, industrious, and faithful fellow, who had left his plantation, about twenty miles off. Soon after his good qualities had attracted Janney's attention, his owner, a rank rebel, came, as they often do with complete assurance, to ask that he should be given up to him. Janney assured him that the country needed his services, and it could not be thought of at present. Some weeks after this, the same negro came one morning to Janney's tent and said:

"There's a right good fowling-piece, Captain, and I want to gib it to you."

"Where did you get it?"

"Got 'im ob my ole massa, sah."

"How is that? What did he give you his fowling-piece for?"

"Did'n gib 'im me, sah; I took 'im."

"When?"

"Lass night."

"Has your master been here again?"

"No, sah, I been down dah, to de ole place, myself, lass night, and I see'd de gun dah, and I tort he was a rebel and he ortn't to be let hab a gun, and I ort to take im' away; tort dat was right, Captain, wasn't it? He ain't no business wid a gun, has he? Only to shoot our teamsters wid it."

"What sent you out there?"

"Well, I went dah, sah, for to get my wife an' chile dat war dah. I tried to get 'em nodder way, but I was cheated, and had to go myself."

"What other way did you try."

"I'll tell you, sah; I want my wife and chile, dey was down dah on de ole plantation. Lass Sunday, when we'd got our pay, I seen a white man dat libs ober dah, and he tell me if I gib him my money he get my wife for me. I had thirty dollars, sah, and I gib it to him, but my wife did'n' come. So I went myself. My wife house-servant, sah, and I creep up to de house, and look into de windah; the windah was open, and I hear de ole man and de ole woman dare snorin' in de corner, and I put my head in, and dah I see de gun standin' by de fi'-place. I jumped right in and cotch'd up de gun, and turn roun' and hold 'em so. Says I, 'Massa, I want my wife. 'You can take her,' says he, and he did'n' say anoder word nor move a bit, nor missus eider. My wife she heerd me, and she come down wid de chile, and we just walk out ob de door; but I tort I'd take de gun. He ain't no Union man, and he orten't to hab a gun, Captain. You'll take it, sah, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll turn it in for you."

A COPPERHEAD ACCUSER.

From The Liberator.

If a man chooses to write himself down a vulgar blackguard, a base slanderer, and an impudent deceiver, he can follow his bent. If he chooses to place himself among despots and rowdies, in his contempt for the rights of a despised and oppressed race, and to make up mouths and fling dirt at those who "reject the wild and guilty phantasy that man can hold property in man," he can do so. But let him not add to his folly and criminality by aspiring to be a gentleman, nor expect any other treatment than is due to a low and malignant assailant.

Such a man appears to be Prof. Morse, the President of the Copperhead "Society for the Diffusion of Political Knowledge," (!) recently organized in New York to block the wheels of the government, and give "aid and comfort" to the Southern traitors, at this critical state of public affairs, by factious appeals and dangerous combinations, so as to render a successful prosecution of the war utterly impracticable. By turning to that department of *The Liberator*, which, for thirty years, has been reeking with pro-slavery pollution and villany, namely, the "Refuge of Oppression," our readers will find some extracts from a letter* written by the said Morse to "a personal friend and political opponent," on the state of the country, the first of which is as follows:

"By the manner in which you allude to the 'extreme radicalism and infidelity of the Garrison stamp,' I am glad to find we have a common standpoint from which to view a portion of the field. Look at that dark conclave of conspirators, freedom-shriekers, Bible-spurners, fierce, implacable, headstrong, denunciatory, Constitution and Union haters, noisy, factious, breathing forth threatenings and slaughter against all who venture a difference of opinion from them, murderous, passionate advocates of imprison

master of the house Beelzebub, much more shall they call them of his household."

We are content to let the following testimony of the lamented William Ellery Channing be put into the scale against the charges of this rabid Professor:

"The Abolitionists not only appear in the character of champions of the colored race. In their persons, the most sacred rights of the white man and the free man have been assailed. . . . When I regard their firm, fearless assertion of the rights of free discussion, of speech and the press, I look on them with unmixed respect. I see nothing to blame, and much to admire. To them has been committed the most important bulwark of liberty, and they have acquitted themselves of the trust like men and Christians. No violence has driven them from their posts. Whilst, in obedience to conscience, they have refrained from opposing force to force, they have still persevered amidst menace and insult, in bearing their testimony against wrong, in giving utterance to their deep convictions. Of such men, I do not hesitate to say, that *they have rendered to freedom a more essential service than any body of men among us.* From my heart I thank them. I am myself their debtor. . . . I speak not from vague rumor, but from better means of knowledge, when I say, that a body of men and women, more blameless than the Abolitionists in their various relations, or more disposed to adopt a rigid construction of the Christian precepts, cannot be found among us."

KENTUCKY AND THE UNION.

From The Tribune.

THE Frankfort *Commonwealth* of the 11th inst., is more than half filled with advertisements of stray negroes like those we have copied from its columns. Its current income from this single source must be enough to defray the entire cost of its publication. That same issue has an editorial from which we copy as follows:

"An act of the Kentucky Legislature, *approved March* 2, 1863, declares that negroes and mulattoes claiming freedom *under the President's Proclamation* shall be treated as runaway slaves, and dealt with accordingly under the laws now in force on that subject. *It is made the duty of all peace officers to see this law carried out.* Under the provisions of the laws of Kentucky, many fugitive runaway slaves have been committed to jail.

"The Cincinnati *Gazette* and one John H. Aughey, who 'escaped from Dixie via the underground railroad,' hope 'that the United States authorities in Kentucky will not permit such an outrage in the face of the Emancipation proclamation.' We are not informed whether Mr. Aughey is a runaway slave. One would suppose, from his allusion to the 'underground railroad,' a long-established abolition contrivance for stealing negroes, that he was. But whether he is or not, the advice which he and *The Gazette* give should not be heeded by the military authorities. They have as much as they can well attend to without becoming the champion of the negro. There is no cause for their insulting Kentucky and outraging her laws, by trampling them under foot. Kentucky is a loyal State, and should be treated as such. She has said, through her Legislature and by the almost unanimous voice of her people, that her laws shall be maintained; and we are inclined to think that she will carry out her determination. One thing we have always noticed; those officers and soldiers who make the least fuss about negroes, and have the least to do with them, make the bravest fight when they meet the enemy. The man who steals a negro won't fight. The history of this war shows this. The General who has the fewest kinks in his head is the most successful; while those who are to busy with the negro have lost the confidence of the army and the country."

—We have been most anxious, since an Unconditional Union party was organized in Kentucky, that nothing should be done or attempted by the Federal Administration to mar the chances of its success. Whatever its faults, that party does really mean to stand by the Union; and its defeat by the Copperhead conspiracy secretly organizing for its overthrow would be a national calamity. It is desirable, mauger all drawbacks, that James F. Bell should be chosen Governor of Kentucky next August; for, if he is not, he will be beaten by one who will be in heart a traitor, and in act also whenever he shall dare. We know that Jeff Davis & Co. most intensely desire the defeat of Bell: hence we very naturally desire his election. Should he be chosen, his success will probably carry along with it that of three to five members of Congress who will render a pretty general if not uniform support to the Administration. In full view of the ugly facts which tempt to a different course, we still urge the Unconditional, freedom-loving Unionists of Kentucky to support the Bell ticket.

—But the above revelation that an act was passed by the late Kentucky Legislature, so late as last month, palpably calculated if not avowedly intended to defeat the settled policy of the Federal government, is a staggerer. We have urged—nay, we still urge—that no act, no word, no failure to act, on the part of the Federal authorities, or commanders, or of the supporters of the Administration generally, shall be calculated to subvert the institutions or defy the laws of Kentucky. So much, we deem required by good faith, and by respect for the loyalty of that State. But is she loyal in this recent and ostentatious attempt to beard the Federal government and thwart its efforts to suppress the rebellion? Is all the forbearance, all the sacrifice, to be confined to the side of the Federal government and its supporters? and is its reward to be such as this?

Bear in mind that the negroes in question are not free by virtue of the President's proclamations alone. Had these never been issued, they would have been entitled to freedom by virtue of the Confiscation Act of Congress, which expressly prescribes that rebels against the Union shall forfeit their slaves by such rebellion. The late Kentucky Legislature has clearly undertaken to nullify the laws of the country. To have simply upheld and enforced their preexisting laws, notwithstanding the emancipation policy of the Federal government, would have been a very different matter from passing new laws expressly to this end.

We still say, let the Administration proceed cautiously, moderately, inoffensively, peacefully, so far as possible. Let it honestly try to come to some understanding with the Executive of Kentucky, whereby a collision may be avoided. But, whenever it shall be settled that there is no alternative—that Kentucky must be displeased, or the national authority ostentatiously defied and the national faith dishonored—we trust that the President will fearlessly and thoroughly do his duty.

ANNA E. DICKINSON.

[Copy of a letter to a gentleman in New York.]

OFFICE REPUBLICAN STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE,
HARTFORD, Conn., 15th April, 1863.

DEAR SIR: I desire to say a few words to you in behalf of Miss Anna E. Dickinson of Philadelphia, who has been speaking in Connecticut during the political campaign which has just closed so triumphantly for the cause of truth and justice.

Prejudiced against her at the start, we had great misgivings as to the propriety of inviting her to take a part in our campaign. She had not spoken ten minutes before all prejudices were dispelled; thirty minutes, and not a man could be found who would admit that he ever had any prejudices; sixty minutes, and she held fifteen hundred people breathless with admiration and astonishment; two hours, and she had raised her entire audience to a pitch of enthusiasm which was perfectly irresistible. She is really a wonderful woman, and you ought to invite her to speak in New York. Her voice is clear and of sufficient power for any audience you can get, and yet not masculine. She speaks rapidly, but her enunciation is so complete and perfect that not a word is lost.

Possessing a remarkably logical and argumentative mind, she is not wanting, nevertheless, in that brilliancy of thought and expression which gives life and zest to a public speaker.

With a fund of facts and information which would be a fortune for an editor or a politician, she makes her own mark, and needs no endorsement after she has once spoken.

I trust you will not deny yourself the pleasure of hearing the most eloquent woman of the century in the largest hall you can command in New York.

Yours, very truly, J. W. BATTERSON, Chairman.

To the Loyal National League of Union Citizens, New-York.

GENTLEMEN: We recommend to you, with the greatest confidence, Miss Anna E. Dickinson of Philadelphia as a speaker on the political and moral questions involved in the present war, and are sure that it would promote the interests of our cause if you should invite her to address the people of your city. She has elicited the greatest enthusiasm and produced the most marked effect wherever she has spoken. She is a young woman, but little over twenty, refined and highly cultivated, and speaks with great vigor and maturity of thought, and with an impassioned eloquence rarely equalled.

HORACE BUSHNELL, CALVIN DAY,
T. BELKNAP, JOHN L. BUNCE,
WM. W. ELLSWORTH, HENRY C. DEMING,
E. H. OWEN, HENRY A. PERKINS.

Hartford, Ct., April 14, 1863.

From The Springfield Republican, April 16th.

Thursday was the rainiest day of the season, and the evening altogether the most uncomfortable and unfortunate for any public gathering that there has been for at least six months. But in spite of the storm and mud which culminated at the hour of assemblage, at least 500 ladies and gentlemen ventured out to see and hear Miss Anna Dickinson. If the wondrous fascination and powerful oratory of this gifted young lady had been fully understood, the elements would have combined in vain to rob her of a great audience. As it was, she did not seem disconcerted at all, but rather surprised and pleased that so many were present. Mayor Alexander escorted her upon the stage and introduced her to the audience, when, without needless preface or any introduction, she engaged at once upon her theme of the country and the war. She had not pronounced a dozen words before the entire sympathy and interest of the audience was secured. Her easy, confident manner, jaunty and yet womanly and decided look, clear and resonant enunciation, with the perfect periods and unflinching expression, made a great and instantaneous impression. As she passed from a statement of the nature of the contest as between slavery and freedom to a discussion of the arguments advanced by the peace men of the North, the attention of all became fixed upon the earnest, soul-glowing face, and genuine and enthusiastic applause greeted her continually. She laid the blame of the war at the door of the Buchanan Administration who might have stopped it in the germ, referred to the alleged mismanagements of the Republicans and called by name some of the Generals who have injured the cause by doubtful loyalty such as Patterson, McCall, Buell, Franklin, Porter and McClellan. The latter she rebuked in most withering terms. Then came the loyal names, such as Winthrop, Ellsworth, Saxton, Baker, Hunter, Mitchel, Lyon, Phelps, Rosecrans, Siegel, Fremont (a "mountain of freedom"), Hooker, Burnside and Butler. She urged the using of negroes for soldiers, and gave some thrilling instances of their bravery. The three alternatives were presented of peace by compromise, by separation, or by subjugation, and each was dwelt upon with a fervor and eloquence such as we have not heard since the war began. New England, and Massachusetts in particular, received a magnificent tribute from the fair orator. The whole closed with an appeal to loyal citizens—the men and women of New England—to be true to the end.

It would be impossible to give our readers a just idea of the power of Miss Dickinson to make an impression upon an audience. There are few speakers that can engross the attention so entirely. Along with the regret at the small audience is a universal desire to have her visit us again, if possible, and we have the pleasure of stating that there is some probability that she will be able to do so some time in May.

MISS DICKINSON IN NEW YORK.

From The Tribune of Wednesday.

There was a most enthusiastic audience at the Cooper Institute last evening to hear the eloquent Miss Dickinson. Many hundreds were unable to obtain admittance, but those who were fortunate enough to secure a seat, or a standee even, were delighted and electrified by the charm of her speech. She has the skill to please her auditors with wit, humor, pathos, argument, anecdote, history and philosophy, and the power to control them by that influence which exists in the voice, thought, manner and presence of those who are truly eloquent. She was cheered to the echo, and her humane and patriotic sentiments made a good impression.

From The Times.

Miss Anna E. Dickinson delivered a patriotic oration last night, to a very large and enthusiastic audience, at Cooper Institute. She was introduced by Rev. H. W. Beecher, and her fine feminine eloquence and admirable declamatory skill told with their full effect.

From The Herald.

In the days of the last Fall election, when political excitement ran high, and when the supporters of Seymour or of Wadsworth flocked in crowds to the Cooper Institute to hurrah for the candidate of their choice, there was no such popular demonstration, no such pressure to get to the inside of that building, as there was last evening on the occasion of the first public appearance in this city of Miss Anna E. Dickinson, who has recently distinguished herself in the New England States on the political platform. After the large hall was crowded there were still hundreds of people outside besieging the doors, but unable to gain an entrance. Henry Ward Beecher and other prominent anti-slavery men and women were on the platform, where ex-Gov. Morgan also had the honor of a seat.

Miss Dickinson, the magnet with such a tremendous power of attraction, is a young Philadelphia lady, who has already figured to some extent in the progressive movements of the day. Recently she has turned her attention to war politics, and has been speaking with great effect in Connecticut and some other of the New England States. With youth and good looks on her side, a great fluency of language, poetry and force of expression, and a rich, powerful voice that masculine stump speakers might envy, it is not to be wondered at that Miss Dickinson awakens such an interest in her audiences. She has a full, gracefully rounded figure, is of the medium size of women, has a well balanced, firmly set head, round oval face, a fresh, healthy complexion, inclining to the hue of the brunette, and wears her dark hair in full, heavy clusters about her neck. She wore a heavy drab colored silk dress, with dark facings, and displayed on her hair or person no jewelry. In manner of delivery she is cool and self-possessed; but occasionally warms up to a heat and rapidity of expression that carries all before it. Such is the young lady who presented herself last evening before the immense assemblage at Cooper Institute.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

TWO YEARS' TEACHINGS.

THE two most important years that American history has yet had to record are just ended. In true interest and in permanent influence, for good or for evil, on the future of the nation, they throw into the shade any equal period of our existence on this continent. They are full of instruction, and may make us wiser and better in all time to come, if we use their teachings aright. Certainly, they have been fraught with warning and reproof, good store. They have left their mark upon the hearts of almost all of us. There is absolutely no circle of acquaintance, almost no family circle, that has not been overshadowed by the griefs with which they have been accompanied. Anxieties, doubts, uncertainties, losses or fears of loss, clouds over the future, anger at past misconduct and vexation for present mismanagement, have ever waited upon them as they have swept over us. But out of all this discipline and trial we think the nation is coming out stronger and wiser and better fitted to take part in the great struggles through which the world is to force its way forward to a better management of its affairs, than it has ever yet been. The dangers which have all along threatened us with the most irremediable damage have almost passed away and made their accomplishment impossible by the very virulence with which it was attempted to be effected. We mean the dangers from within, and not those from without—the enemies of our own household, or who falsely pretended so to be, and not those openly arrayed in arms against us. The very successes of the enemy, made possible and important by the imbecility and treachery of our Generals, have secured us from our most formidable perils, by the confidence and insolence with which they inspired the counsels of the rebels. Though we stand very differently from where we had hoped, two years ago, that we should do at this time, the disappointment has, in all likelihood, been overruled for our blessing.

How different is the face of affairs at the North now from what it was two years ago! Then, the Great Uprising shook the continent with its tread, the young men were hurrying to the field, the long unaccustomed sound of the drum was the one most familiar in our ears, the stars and stripes floated from almost every roof, there was no sound of dissent, no whisper of treason to be heard. It was generally assumed that the rebellion would be put down in half a year, and the friends of the rebels believed, and with good grounds, that in that case it would end by putting them permanently at the head of our affairs, with their own assistance, only with a little of their inordinate conceit taken out of them. Then came Bull Run, and after Bull Run came McClellan, both of them blessings very much disguised, but blessings none the less—for they saved us from the calamity of such a settlement as early and complete victory would have brought upon us. The career of that General will be one of the moot questions of history to the end of time. Whether he were knave or fool, imbecile or traitor, will exercise the ingenuity of writers yet unborn. But not having caused Washington to be captured by extorting more men from the President, and not having surrendered his army in the Peninsula, and having been removed before he had been able quite to ruin our affairs, we can see how out of his folly or his crimes may yet proceed the salvation of his country. The prolongation of the war, caused mainly by his skillful strategy of "*not* doing it," has produced the condition of things we see around us to-day, so different from that of two years since. The North has settled down to its affairs and its amusements as if there were no war waging within the borders of the country. None of the evils prophesied for us at the beginning have come to pass. There have been no bread riots. Poverty is almost unknown, and crime, if not extinct, astonishingly diminished. Transactions in trade are of immense magnitude, in spite of the piracies committed on our commerce under the auspices of the British government, and every kind of property has risen in value more than the currency has depreciated. The North has all the symptoms of a plethora of prosperity, and the prophecy we uttered at the beginning of the war, that it would be as popular before it closed as that against Bonaparte was in England, has well nigh, if not quite come true. We have only to pray that this plethora may not end in *asphyxia* or apoplexy.

The experience of the last two years has not only taught us the extent of our own resources, it has instructed us also as to those of the enemy. There was, perhaps, no particular on which the North more signally deceived itself than that of the ability of the rebels to hold out. We did not share in the delusion ourselves, as we affirmed at the first that the capacity of the rebels for protracting the war, and for maintaining themselves for a season in independence, could they gain it, was much beyond the common opinion. That opinion has certainly been much deceived. The resources of the rebels have been much greater and the ability with which they have been drawn out and husbanded much more eminent than the North had hoped to find them. Indeed it were as vain to deny the great administrative ability of the Davis Cabinet as the great military talent of the rebel Generals. And we would not deny it, if we could, considering how all but universally we have been outwitted by the one and out-generalled by the other. Still, all this has brought us to the happy conjuncture of affairs in which we find ourselves—when the Abolition of Slavery in the District, its Prohibition in the Territories, the Diplomatic Recognition of Hayti, and the withdrawal of our flag from covering the slave trade, have been followed by the proclamation of Emancipation and the employment of the liberated slaves as soldiers. None but those who remember sharply the style of talk which prevailed at the beginning in military and civil circles as to putting down the rebellion without breaking the Constitution, and all the early villanies of our Generals towards the slaves, can be fully sensible of the prodigious change that has taken place in public opinion within two years. It has been through much tribulation that this point of virtue has been reached. It has cost scores of thousands of lives and tens of scores of thousands of dollars to purchase this amount of education. But it will have been cheaply bought, if it be put to its proper uses and its teachings duly applied to the business of the nation's life. The North is far enough yet from looking at the matter of slavery in its true light. Too many still think that it is Abolitionism rather than slavery that is the source of all our woes. And not a few yet hope that there may be means found which will make the integrity of the Union compatible with the safety of slavery. But the great mass of the honest part of the nation have made up their minds that slavery must perish if the nation is to live.

This is much progress for such a stiff-necked generation as ours to make in twenty-four months. We may hope, when our troops really begin to advance into the enemy's territory, that this progress will go on in a geometrical ratio. We may yet have mortifications to endure and losses to submit to, even greater than those we have already had. The repulse at Charleston is not gratifying. The enemy is still confident of being more than a match for us in the field, and by the permission and encouragement of Lord Palmerston's government, and through the liberality of British capitalists, he is soon to have a powerful fleet, sufficient to make navigation a very uncertain business. And it is by no means impossible that it may be strong enough to insult, if not to destroy, some of our smaller seaports, possibly, some of our larger ones. We trust this additional tuition may be spared us; but, it may be that we shall need it, before we are roused to that degree of fierce earnestness which must come before this war can be happily ended. When it comes, we have no apprehensions as to the event. Bonaparte used to say "*la victoire est au plus opiniâtre.*" We are sure that we can afford to be the more obstinate of the two and to hold out the longest, when it is perfectly clear to us that there is nothing else left for us. The rebels have made it as plain as they can by the contempt with which they have met the advances of our Copperheads, that they know no alternative but recognizing them or subjugating them. The nation will not consent to the first, and the last cannot be done without raising their chattels to the condition of manhood. We trust the next two years will have happier as well as most instructive lessons to give the world than even the two last.

PROGRESS.—It is but a few years since a "World's Temperance Convention" in this city was broken up in a row, incited by clergymen, because Antoinette Brown, a gentle and accomplished lady and preacher of the gospel, attempted to speak therein; and our city papers, with one or two exceptions, united in praising the mobocratic ministers and in pouring unmeasured ridicule and abuse upon Miss Brown. Now, however, Anna Dickinson comes to New York upon the recommendation of one of the most distinguished divines in New England (see letter in another column, signed by the Rev. Dr. Bushnell and other eminent citizens of Hartford), is introduced to her audience by the most eloquent pulpit orator in the land, and makes a speech, not on temperance but politics, to 3,000 people, among whom are scores of clergymen of various denominations, all eager to hear and quick to applaud. Is not this evidence of progress? What a change, indeed, since the day when "Carolina's high-souled daughters," who had set the example of pleading the cause of the slave before promiscuous assemblies, were denounced by the Pastoral Association of Massachusetts, and when nearly every minister, deacon and church-member left the American Anti-Slavery Society because it would not forbid women to take part in its debates. What a contrast, indeed, between the scene presented in the Church at the corner of Madison and Catherine streets, in 1840, when Francis Jackson (God bless his memory!) named Abby Kelley as a member of the Business Committee, and that at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening! It seems almost incredible that such a change has been wrought in 23 years. So much for standing upon a sound moral principle in the face of popular prejudice and abuse.

ENGLISH AID TO THE REBELS.—The Rev. Francis Bishop, in a letter to the London *Christian Inquirer*, says:

"I trust that we may now expect more vigor from our government in putting the law in force against the ship-builders, and others, who would break it in the service of the South. As an Englishman, I feel my cheeks tingle with shame when I read of the foul deeds of that prowling sea-robber (the Alabama) which, through the culpable negligence of our authorities, was allowed to go forth from Birkenhead on her piratical course. The eagerness with which so many persons have entered into the gambling transaction of the Southern loan shows how wide-spread is that looseness of principle which will lead men to take any legalized chance of making money, whatever may be the moral character of the proceeding. In this case, cupidity will, I doubt not, have overreached itself, and in the issue, the lenders will come out certainly sadder, and, I would hope, wiser men."

The thanks of the friends of liberty in America are due to Mr. Bishop, not only for this, but for many other proofs of his deep interest in their cause, and especially for his earnest efforts to enlighten his fellow-countrymen in regard to the nature of our struggle.

WEST VIRGINIA.—The full vote cast at the recent election in this State is now returned. In ten of the forty-eight Counties, no election was held, because, doubtless, of the presence or the fear of rebel force there. In the remaining thirty-eight, the vote on the amended Constitution stood:

For it	20,622	Against it	440
Do. soldiers votes	6,007	Against it	94
Do. taken outside of the State	1,689	Against it	38
Total	28,321		572

379 soldiers' and 43 citizens' votes were rejected for informality.

The Executive Committee certify to the above returns, and President Lincoln has made proclamation that at the expiration of sixty days the State of West Virginia will be regularly admitted as a member of the Union.

GERRIT SMITH'S SPEECH.—The admirable speech "On the Country," delivered by Mr. Smith at the Cooper Institute, Dec. 21, has been published in pamphlet form, and will be mailed, post paid, for a three-cent stamp sent to this office.

SPEECH OF THEODORE TILTON,

At the Great Meeting on Union Square, New York, April 11.

THE Chairman announced that the closing speech of the day would be made by THEODORE TILTON, of Brooklyn, who rose to speak as the evening was coming on.

MY COUNTRYMEN: It is a beautiful prophecy of the Word of God, "At the evening time there shall be light." I see the shadows of the evening falling on your faces, yet I see the light of hope shining in your eyes. So, amid the shadows of war that now rest on the land, a holy fire in men's breasts keeps bright the prospect of Victory and Freedom.

Two years ago, when I spoke at the first great meeting of the people assembled in this Square—it was at this same hour of the day: the sun was setting behind yonder roofs. I recalled then—and I recall now—that strain of Milton's:

"So sinks the day-star in his ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

It is my firm faith, that the glory of this nation—which seemed, like the sun in the heavens, about to go down at noon—is to rise to a more illustrious splendor. The flag that went down shall rise again; the honor that went down with it shall rise again. Nothing shall be lost—except, indeed, the precious loss of the brave dead, who have gained honorable graves.

Is it the fight at Sumter that we celebrate to-day? It is more. Sumter is more than a battle-name. It means a new idea—a new principle—a new doctrine of government—a new assurance of the rights of the people—a new support to republican institutions. It is not simply that over that fortress, two years ago to-morrow, at day-break, hovered the first cloud of smoke of the greatest war of modern times. It is more. What was the meaning of that outbreak? At first, the meaning was hidden in the smoke. Then, when the people saw it, the government failed to see it. But at last, the eyes of the President were opened, and on the first of January he interpreted the meaning by public proclamation to all the world. That fort of Charleston harbor was built upon a foundation of New England granite: that State of South Carolina is to be rebuilt upon a foundation of New England ideas! That is the meaning of Sumter!

To-day's anniversary is a stand-point for looking backward and looking forward. To-day we end the second year of the war. Washington, at the end of the second year of the Revolution, wrote these words:

"That spirit of freedom, which at the commencement of this contest would have gladly sacrificed everything to the attainment of its object, has long since subsided, and every selfish passion has taken its place. It is not the public, but private interest, which influences the generality of mankind, nor can the Americans any longer boast an exception."

This was Washington's testimony. What is ours? Compare the spirit of both wars at the end of two years! Are we better than our fathers that our record should be better than theirs? We have had what they had—a two years' history of good and evil—of patriotism and greed—of loyalty and treachery—of holy zeal and ignoble passion. Contractors have fattened, while soldiers have gone unpaid. Opportunities for victory have been thrown away by Generals, by reason of not being on friendly terms with brother officers in the same service. Party spirit has kept officers in command who have been fit only to serve the enemy. Other officers, whose names alone are a terror to the rebellion, are still knocking at the doors of the government, vainly asking appointment to the field. Public money has been squandered. Popular patience has been exhausted. Official beguilers in high places have whispered the counsels of the Devil into the President's ears. Honest men have hung their heads for shame, blushing for the government of their country, while they trembled for her fate. Many a Christian heart has lifted up its prayer to God, saying in bitterness, "In whom can we put our trust but in Thee?" This is the picture of the two years' war against the rebellion. Why do I depict it? Is it to make a ground against hope? No. It is to make a ground in favor of hope. It is because what is true of ourselves to-day was exactly true of our fathers in Washington's day. It is because, after such a two years' history, our fathers still had spirit and courage to fight five years more, and in the end to win their immortal victory. So if, after *our* two years' history, we are called to pass through five years more of war, I doubt not we shall be equal to the work—till *our* victory too shall be immortal!

Whence came the war? It is said that many years of peace had corrupted the public virtue. No. Peace is no corrupter of the public virtue. Peace is its foster-nurse. Peace is the mother of the arts. Peace touches the soil, and it blossoms into flowers. Peace is the fore-token of the final glory of the earth. Peace is God's benediction upon the land. No; it was not peace that gave us war. It was because we had war while we thought we had peace. It was because, for seventy years, we were given over to "strong delusion, to believe a lie." First pure, then peaceable—that is the order of God's law. But this nation—impure—guilty of a great sin—the sin of sins—how could it have peace? It had no peace. It has had none from the beginning. Our fathers died leaving war in the land—and we, when we were born, received as our birthright inheritance to-day's legacy of civil war. What, therefore, is the lesson of these many years—of this long experience—of this seeming peace culminating in open war? There is this lesson for to-day—that there will be no end of the war between the North and the South until freedom shall reign, and therefore peace. Justice is the only calmer of revolutionary storms. Anything but Emancipation will be war—war now, war evermore—until God's day of settlement with the nation.

And as this is a meeting of the Loyal League it is easy to answer the question, Who is loyal? It is he who is loyal to Liberty—no one else. It is he who has faith in justice—no one else. It is he who upholds the rights of man—no one else. This is the only loyalty that can save this nation. There is but one salvation. Save the nation from her sins, and you save her from her perils. Wise men will heed the many signs of the times—the many tokens of God's interfering providence, saying now, as of old, "I will maintain the right of the poor." It is to rebuke fools for their folly that the people gather here to-day. The first uprising of two years ago was in testimony against the disloyal South: to-day's uprising is in testimony against the disloyal North. Let the many treasonable conplotters who walk these streets—breathing out threatenings against Liberty—take heed of this day's purpose, and beware of that gathering indignation of the people—that coming wrath of the patriotic masses in the loyal States—which means to sweep before it the combined enemies of the Republic, alike in the South and in the North!

This nation is not to be lost: it is to be saved. It shall come out of these trials—tested. It shall pass through these flames—purified. I think no evil of these times. They are brave days. They carry sorrow in them, but they carry mercy. Out of the wrath of man rises praise to God. There are sublime compensations for war. Otherwise it would be unendurable. But, with these, and for the sake of these, it becomes heroic. Are the times troublous? They are for putting an end to troubles! Are they full of unusual burdens? They are for making the yokes easy and the burdens light. My countrymen, we have been living low-minded lives! These great events are for lifting us to higher thoughts. They are for inspiring us with more Christian aims. They are for sowing the land with more generous ideas. Our children will be richer in soul for the struggle of flesh and blood through which we are now passing. They will be wiser for the lessons we now are learning. These dews of the night, now falling, are to enrich the fields for future harvests. So the dews of blood which a righteous war is now leaving upon many battle-fields is to spring up into the growth of a nobler manhood of the American people.

Meanwhile, my countrymen—as the night comes on—as the darkness thickens—my thought wanders away from the multitude of your faces, which these shadows are making dim, to that greater multitude whose faces are more dusky than this darkness—the four million of humble men and women, the poor and lowly, the oppressed and despised—who, all their lives long, have sat in the darkness of the shadow of death. In the silence of the night, their voices arise into the ear of Him who heareth in the heavens!

"Hoarse, horrible and strong
Goes up the agonizing cry—
Filling the hollow arches of the sky—
How long, O God, how long!"

But it is written in His divine word—"Shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily."

Is this promise to be fulfilled? Hark! Put your hand to your ear! The noise of many battles comes up from the South! What means the sound? It is the voice of God the Avenger, "bringing forth judgment unto victory"!

Our European Correspondence.

FROM OUR DUBLIN CORRESPONDENT.

DUBLIN, March 28, 1863.

To the Editor of The National Anti Slavery Standard.

IN a late number of your paper I find an extract from *The Tribune* which *impliedly*, though not flatly, denies a statement in my last letter respecting an article which the editor of the London *Spectator* read in *The Tribune* some few months ago, and which he offered to show to any one who called on him. My attention was first directed to the subject by Prof. Cairnes, who was astonished and appalled (as well he might be) that any such offer should be made by *The Tribune;* and it was partly to satisfy him as well as myself, that I made the inquiry with the result which I reported to you. I am far from being animated by any hostile feeling towards *The Tribune* or its editor or any connected with that paper, but I do not admit that the past services of any newspaper writer whatever should free him from liability to answer at the bar of public opinion for the use he chooses to make of his columns. One of my Philadelphia correspondents deeply regrets that anything which appears in *The Tribune* should be objected to by me, seeing that one eminent Abolitionist is engaged on its staff, and another is on terms of confidential intimacy with Mr. Greeley. It is inferred in *The Tribune's* comments on my letter that I allowed myself to be persuaded that the objectionable article had ever appeared because, "with many other of the old anti-slavery people of Great Britain," I had "no better defence for the want of sympathy which has hitherto existed among them for our great and final struggle with the Slave Power than that it was not accepted as such by ourselves." I am at a loss to understand why such a charge as this should be made against me, merely because, on the authority of three friends of the anti-slavery cause—Prof. Cairnes, Mr. Charles Corkran of London and the editor of *The Spectator*—I stated that certain language had been used on a certain day by *The Tribune*. Since I first became interested in the American anti-slavery cause I have ever regarded principles as more important than individuals, and I am not aware that I have turned to the right hand or to the left on account of personal preferences. I have seen the charge repeatedly made, chiefly in private letters from American friends of my own, that British Abolitionists had withheld their sympathy from you in your present struggle. I know of very few indeed against whom this charge could be fairly made. I have over and over, in conversation, in correspondence, and in my published letters declared my conviction that the number of English Abolitionists (in the American sense) is very small. I doubt if principles are nearly so much discussed in England as they are with you. Thus the present generation of Englishmen have got a great deal more of effective pro-slavery teaching than they have had of the opposite kind. The anti-slavery sentiment has been rather traditional than experimental—whilst for one George Thompson we have had hundreds and thousands of American visitors of whom all but an infinitesimal fraction were members of a powerful and effective pro-slavery propaganda. Let it not be said that I am apologizing for the recent pro-slavery tendency of Englishmen. Nothing of the kind. I only state its existence and account for it. Just as most Americans dislike aristocracy—so most aristocratic Englishmen (and they are a large portion of the wealthy and influential part of the nation) dislike republicanism, and sincerely believe it to be full of unstable and mobocratic tendencies. Before the outbreak of this war I was not nearly so much of a republican as I now am. I do not believe that England could have withstood such a tremendous and exhausting struggle as the Northern States have passed through within the last two years, without great danger to all her institutions, whilst my opinion of the patriotism, disinterestedness and humanity of the American people has been greatly exalted. I have regretted their defeats and rejoiced in their victories at least as much—yes, far more than if they had been ordinary British victories and defeats, for I knew that the issue of the present struggle more nearly affects the welfare of humanity than contests with the Chinese, the Persians or the Hindoos. I have long been of opinion that there is no country in the world where the poor man has such a chance as in yours of becoming intelligent, independent, happy and prosperous, and that while the principles and practice of your institutions tended to facilitate the attainment of all these (to the white man at least), the slave States, on the other hand, are the worst in the whole world for the best interests of those who live in them.

At the same time—you must not regard me as anybody's enemy for saying it—there is much which reaches us from your side, even in your own columns, which is calculated to stagger and astound all but the very best informed of your well-wishers, and for which enough allowance is not made by some of my American friends when they condemn the state of public opinion here. I am aware that Englishmen, who go to America, soon imbibe American prejudices against color. Nevertheless, as matters stand in England this prejudice does not exist, and Englishmen are often puzzled and disgusted when they read in extracts from American papers, that the Emancipation proclamation has such immense difficulties to contend with from the President, from Mr. Seward, the Generals, the Governors, the soldiers, and great numbers of the Northern press and people—when they read of the pro-slavery administration of Gen. Banks in New Orleans; of a United States officer declaring that he would rather suffer defeat than gain a victory with the help of negro soldiers; of a New York politician getting 20,000 adherents to his proposition to reëstablish slavery in the North in order to conciliate Southern rebels; of the conduct of the soldiers recently disembarked at Land's End to the unhappy, defenceless contrabands; and of the mob in Detroit to the negroes in that city some weeks ago. The number amongst us who trouble their heads to go into the merits of the American struggle is small, and can you wonder that very many of those who do should be unable to see much difference between the Southern war for slavery and a Northern war for Freedom into the conduct of which a tyrannical and oppressive spirit so largely enters? I know people should discriminate—but masses of men never do. They judge of affairs in the bulk and will not stop to make nice distinctions. Perhaps I lay myself open to the charge of want of sympathy in stating my conviction that if the South had been as easily put down as most of us anticipated when the rebellion broke out, there would have been a poor chance of emancipation; and that nothing but great sufferings, great losses and sacrifices and a fearful struggle could ever have compelled millions of the Northern people to look emancipation squarely in the face as a measure of indispensable necessity.

I have watched the conduct of our government respecting the Alabama and her kindred vessels with great anxiety, and am most unwillingly forced to the conclusion that they wanted the will and not the power to prevent their leaving the British shores. As to the Confederate loan it is the opinion of competent judges that it is a gambling concern in which the adventurers are likely to burn their fingers. In every commercial country (England and the United States not excepted) there are multitudes who reverence nothing but the golden calf; and I cannot believe that the subscriber to the Confederate loan would hesitate to assist in any villainous scheme if gain was at the bottom of it.

In the May number of *The Anti-Slavery Advocate* you will see a letter from Prof. Cairnes in which he gives some further reasons in support of his view that the best course for the North would be not to compel the cotton States to reënter the Union, but to hem them in by the Mississippi and by the Northern Border States—that thus slavery would perish by want of room for expansion—whilst if these States were subdued they would prove a thorn in your side, being incurably hostile to free institutions and an element of weakness and not of strength within any easily calculable space of time. This I know to be the view of many staunch friends and well-wishers of the North and of liberty. Perhaps it will be as cheap in the long run to conquer the slaveholders once for all, as to allow them to establish an independent confederacy on your frontier, necessitating the expense of a standing army and a fully equipped navy, with the perpetual danger of war, and the infamy on your part of leaving the slaves emancipated by your President's proclamation in the hands of their enemies. How long this war may last nobody can foresee. The great war with France lasted 15 years before the Duke of Wellington arose on the gloomy horizon of England—and then continued 6 years longer before peace was proclaimed. Yet England was by no means so populous, rich and powerful then as you are now.

Yours, etc., R. D. WEBB.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, April 20th, 1863.

WE had the pleasure, last Saturday evening, of attending an immense meeting of Union men in Faneuil Hall, presided over by Prof. Theophilus Parsons of Harvard University, and of hearing an admirable speech from General A. J. Hamilton of Texas. His subject was, the crisis in which this country now stands, its cause, and the course now indispensable to the people and the government, if they would have success in the contest, and an honorable and prosperous future for the nation.

He affirmed the cause of the rebellion to be the thorough conviction of the ruling portion of the Southern people, of an irrepressible conflict between slavery and a free government. They knew this long before Seward used the phrase in question, and they had, ever since the time of Calhoun, been taking measures towards the consummation they are now seeking. The purpose of these leaders, the great slaveholding politicians, has been and is, to limit the right of suffrage, to place the governing power in the hands of those who control and direct labor, and to have the laboring class ranked as mere beasts of burden.

Referring to events in the past history of the country, he touched upon the admission of Missouri, the annexation of Texas, the election of Polk, the legislation in regard to New Mexico and Utah, and the Fugitive Slave law, showing that all these things were concessions made by the North to the South, and made in the interest of slavery.

He made it plain that these occurrences, and the many similar ones which have taken place in our history, were developments in the progress of an immense conspiracy for the overthrow of democratic republican government; he adduced evidence from some of the chiefs in this conspiracy, to show that its ultimate purpose was to have white laborers as well as black ones owned by capitalists; and he referred, as an important indication of the true character of our present crisis, to the well-known fact that, for the last ten years, it has been at the risk of life for any man at the South to avow opinions in regard to slavery such as Washington, Jefferson and Madison freely expressed in speech and writing.

He showed that those manifestations of sympathy with the rebels which have of late been showing themselves in the North have arisen because the President has, at last, attempted to put the iron heel of government upon the *cause* of the rebellion; and, declaring the ample power and right of the President to dispossess the public enemy of any advantage he may possess, he affirmed that truly loyal slaveholders (whom he thinks much more numerous than we have been accustomed to suppose) do not and will not complain of an enforced emancipation. He rejoiced that the President had entered upon the policy of Emancipation, declared that no one had the right to interfere with or obstruct that policy, and congratulated himself and the country that neither the government nor any other power is now authorized, in any contingency, to enslave those whom the Proclamation has pronounced "forever free."

When the

comfort in the fact that Mr. Everett is not yet entirely acceptable to the Abolitionists.

The later "Conversations" of A. Bronson Alcott have been devoted to "New England Reformers." His own appreciation of these men and the grandeur of their work remains the same as heretofore; but an immense change of times is indicated by the fact that the most elegant and refined portion of the men and women of Boston now throng to hear him discourse on "Garrison, the Prophet," and "Phillips, the Orator."

The 54th Massachusetts Regiment is steadily filling up its ranks at Readville, numbering now more than seven hundred men. The conduct and appearance of these new recruits amply fulfil the expectations and wishes of their friends. Indeed, I know of no case, where the experiment of a negro soldiery has been fairly tried, in which they have failed to do credit to themselves, and justify our tardy and partial steps towards a practical recognition of their manhood.

NORTH.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 20, 1863.

THE attack upon Charleston is a failure. It is now admitted to be so by intelligent officials here, who are honest as well as intelligent. It is not Admiral Dupont's fault that Charleston was not taken. At first there was a disposition to blame him for faint-heartedness, but as the facts are coming out, he is relieved from all adverse criticism. He did as well with his fleet as he could. The fault, if fault there be, lies with the government for building so many Monitors which are entirely unable to make a successful attack upon such forts as those in the harbor of Charleston. In naval circles the Merrimac pattern of an iron-clad vessel is suddenly popular. The turret, submerged style of Ericsson is not so popular to-day as it was two months ago. There is a great advantage in being able to fire a whole broadside—the Monitors have many defects—and the Navy Department seems to have concentrated most of its energies upon this one kind of iron-clads. This was a mistake which will have to be rectified. But the Monitors will be needed, every one of them. There is room for them along the coast, at other places than Charleston. One or two are needed at New Orleans, one is wanted at Mobile, instantly. One is wanted off Savannah. Another will find work at Fortress Monroe, and if we are in the mood for experiments, let Farragut try his hand with two or three in the Mississippi River off Vicksburg, or at Port Hudson.

Gen. Hooker was to have done something by way of an advance about the middle of the last week, but rain intervened. The fact is the weather makes the best kind of intervention for the rebels lately—better than England or France could give them. The weather intervenes to prevent any attack upon the enemy, whenever Gen. Hooker is ready to move. But the weather will be propitious ere long, and the next great trial will be made. If Hooker triumphs over Lee, Charleston will soon be forgotten. Such a thing as a defeat of Hooker is not possible. He may fail of success, but he will not be beaten. He may possibly be repulsed at some point, but no disaster will overtake him, or I am greatly mistaken in the man and in the army he commands. No army can be certain of success, but it may be reasonably certain that it can avoid defeat.

There was a very interesting meeting at one of our colored churches a few evenings since—the celebration of the anniversary of the signing of the Act of Emancipation in the District of Columbia. The church was crowded with colored people, with here and there a white face visible. On the platform were several speakers, and all but one or two colored. The speaking was excellent, much better than one hears in some of our white churches. A black surgeon, with the epaulettes of a major, was upon the platform, and was the lion of the evening. There was a great deal of laughter over a "point" made by one of the speakers against Mr. Lincoln. I quote from a newspaper report:

"The negro race are a part of the people of this great country, but have always been looked upon in degradation. The most lucrative avocations were almost wholly reserved as a dignified reward to those of the fairer complexion. Yet with all this—with hands bound, and with the heel of tyranny upon them, the colored race have been taunted with inferiority, and told to show their statesmen, their learned men, and their jurists. We see the poor, miserable African, way back in the dim twilight of remembrance, and when the grass was yet wet with the dews of creation's morn, that race were unrivalled in literature, art and science (applause). We see with pain the loss of these arts now; but notwithstanding this, the Africans have been the teachers of the world in civilization and the arts (applause). He proceeded to compare the Egyptians (claimed by him as their ancestors) to the Britons, not at all to the advantage of the latter. When carried to Greece and Rome as *slaves*, the Britons proved too stupid to make even good servants (laughter); *and from that boasted race descended Abraham Lincoln* (great laughter)."

Yet the colored orator meant no harm to the President, for he went on to praise him in almost extravagant terms. He said:

"The claims of suffering humanity will find a response in every human heart; and a spirit of benevolence was now being diffused over our blood-stained land. He (the speaker) believed Abraham Lincoln was commissioned from Heaven as the great engineer to carry out the great work (applause). Of all the Presidents, and notwithstanding the glories that cluster around the name of Washington, the name of Abraham Lincoln would be heard in thunder tones in ages yet to come (loud applause)."

Another colored speaker said:

"The colored people should celebrate the birth-days of their great men—the birthday of Hannibal, who crossed the Alps and compelled the Romans to cringe at his feet (applause); of Toussaint l'Ouverture (applause), who worked successfully the greater than mathematical problem that they who would be free must first strike the blow (applause). He (l'Ouverture) had turned Hayti from a hell of slavery to a paradise of freedom (applause); and America had been forced to recognize her nationality, and to-day we have a black man (applause) representing her here. He would like also to see celebrated the birthday of Benj. Banneker, the negro astronomer, who first gave an almanac to Maryland, Virginia, and the District (applause). Who were the early fathers of religion? Who put the light to the torch of Christianity, which has continued to burn brightly, but St. Cyprian, Augustine and others of their race? He would like to see their memories celebrated."

Does not all this sound strange even in the ears of an Abolitionist. This talk in *Washington*, where, three years ago, such men as Jeff. Davis, Slidell and the imbecile Buchanan reigned with undisputed sway, startles one. I do not wonder that some of our staid and very respectable people, who, while they would always treat a colored man kindly, yet would "expect him to keep his place," are affrighted. It is a wonderful revolution for a territory dedicated to slavery for two hundred years. The colored people now owe it to themselves to show their ability to do something with their own hands. The government asks them to give their help in this war, and it remains with them to win an honorable name.

The Chronicle and *The Intelligencer* are having a pretty little quarrel over Gen. Halleck's letter to the Union meeting in New York. *The Intelligencer* really hates the Administration from the bottom of its little soul, but it is an eminently respectable journal, and is patronised by Mr. Seward to a considerable extent. So it chooses to be dignified and cautious. The paragraph in Gen. Halleck's letter which has excited so much criticism is the following:

"We have already made immense progress in this war—a greater progress than ever was before made under similar circumstances. Our armies are still advancing, and, if sustained by the voices of the patriotic millions at home, they will ere long crush the rebellion in the South, *and then place their heels upon the heads of sneaking traitors in the North.*"

The N. Y. *World* thought that this meant a military invasion of the rights of Northern traitors. No[t] *The Intelligencer*, and it says:

"... the alarms of *The* ... call for no oth[er] ... may be suggested by Blair's 'rhetoric' or Halleck's 'figments.' We understand General Halleck to be merely using 'a figure of speech' when he speaks of our armies as destined, under certain circumstances, to 'place their heels upon the heads of sneaking traitors in the North.' And when, therefore, *The World* says that, 'according to this most significant avowal, martial law and the terrors of military executions are to prevail in the North after the close of the war,' we think it gives to the words of the General-in-Chief a meaning and application which a critical analysis of the text and context shows they were not meant to convey. Doubtless the General might have been more happy in his rhetoric, but it must be remembered that military men insensibly acquire a peremptory style of composition which is sometimes more minatory than alarming. And then again his language evidently has a political, and not at all a military significance, being intended, we presume, to specify the political character and impending political 'crushing' of that class of persons at the North who, in a recent order from the War Department, are designated as 'Copperheads.' The persons who presented themselves to the mind of the General-in-Chief while penning the paragraph, obviously appeared to him under the figure of 'snakes,' as is plain from the terms he employs when he characterizes them as 'sneaking,' and typically places the 'heels' of our soldiers on their 'heads.' The metaphor, we repeat, is plainly political and not military."

Whereupon *The Chronicle* has something to say—something spicy and bitter, as follows:

"*The Intelligencer's* humor would have been more effective if its malignity had been better concealed. We grant that Gen. Halleck might have chosen a more gentle style to characterise the foes of the Republic in the free and loyal States, including the District of Columbia. But the words 'sneaking traitors' well become a soldier. That they should offend the over-fastidious *Intelligencer* does not disappoint us. Under the thin guise of professed regard for the government that paper vainly seeks to hide its real feelings against the war, and while showing an outward sign of hostility to the rebellion it cannot sink its innate affection for those who sympathize with it."

And again:

"Whether Gen. Halleck intended to refer to these 'Copperheads' in his allusion to the 'sneaking traitors in the North,' the phrase so distasteful to *The Intelligencer* and its 'able Democratic cotemporary,' the treasonable New York *World*, is a question easily solved. *The Intelligencer* thinks his allusion was to 'snakes'; while the gallant General distinctly uses the word kinds of traitors; the snake, which, like the New York *World*, strikes boldly at the heart of the nation. and daily infuses its poison into the body-politic, and the sneak which hates the government as bitterly, and sympathizes as earnestly with the enemy, and yet glosses over both with a show of propriety and dignity that would be amusing if it were not hurtful to the country's cause. We prefer the 'snake' to the 'sneak.'"

I have quoted at length to illustrate the sharpness of the controversy between the two journals. One of them, *The Chronicle*, is Mr. Stanton's organ, I may say his personal organ. The other, *The Intelligencer*, is friendly to Mr. Seward, receives a good deal of patronage from him in the shape of advertising, etc, etc. One journal is the radical newspapers of Washington—the other is the conservative paper of Washington, in fact the only paper that dares to oppose the Administration in however gentle measure. This little contest, then, is important, in a certain sense.

We have fine weather again here, and if it will continue a few days you will hear cannon-firing on the Rappahannock. Probably before this is in print Gen. Hooker will make his long-talked-of "advance." It is unsafe, however, in these times, to hazard predictions.

AVON.

A WORD FOR THE HOUR.—[Extract of a letter from Rev. Samuel J. May.]—I know no way of escape from the consequences of sin, national or individual, but the way of repentance. As yet, however, the people and the rulers of our land seem determined to trust to their own expedients rather. But sooner or later they will find that they are setting at naught a power too mighty for them, even the Almighty. He hath now taken in hand the deliverance of the oppressed—and He will accomplish the work that He intends. He will scourge our nation until we repent—repent unfeignedly of our sin, the sin of slavery—and finally, I believe, He will save us by the instrumentality of the very people we have dared to despise and trample under foot.

THE ENFRANCHISEMENT COMMISSION.—The Washington correspondent of *The Times*, under date April 21, says:

"What is popularly called the 'Contraband Commission' is in session here, composed of Dr. Howe of Boston, Robert Dale Owen, and Col. McKaye. They are charged by the President to organize a comprehensive plan of taking care of the Africans whom this war shall free, and enlisting them as soldiers. A great deal of testimony has been carefully taken about the distribution of the contrabands to work, the labor to which they are best fitted, and their feeling toward the war and for active service. Their only hesitation to enlist appears to be the apprehension of being shot if captured, instead of being treated as prisoners of war. Notwithstanding this dissuasive, a negro regiment is in formation here, and enlistments into it are brisk. The attention of the President has been called to the difficulty arising from the rebel acts of Congress authorizing the killing of negroes taken in arms. It is probable that a proclamation will soon be issued that will have the effect of putting captured blacks on the footing of prisoners of war."

PERSONAL.

It is said, says *The Commonwealth*, that Fletcher Webster died an Abolitionist.

J. Mercer Langston, Esq., of Oberlin, has gone West on a recruiting tour for the Mass. 54th regiment.

Miss Dickinson's lecture at the Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening was a grand success. See notices of the daily papers in another column.

Rev. Samuel J. May hopes and intends to be present at the approaching Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society. His old friends will be glad to see him.

Mr. Philander Read, of the Amherst class of '59, formerly hospital steward to the 75th New York regiment, has become chaplain to the 4th Louisiana Native Guards (colored) at New Orleans.

Mr. May, of Syracuse, in a letter now before us, says: "Mr. Weld gave us three very able lectures—one on 'Truth and its Hindrances,' as good as the best I ever heard from any of the great lecturers of our age."

Mr. A. T. Stewart, the great Broadway dry goods merchant, has chartered the brig "Jessie Banfield," and is now loading her entirely at his own expense, with a full cargo of corn and provisions for the suffering poor of Belfast, Ireland.

John Minor Botts, of Va., so long incarcerated in the Libby prison in Salisbury, N. C., has been released through the interposition of a friend, and has permission to remain on his estate, near Gordonsville, under the pledge of not aiding or abetting the Union cause.

The Paris *Presse* says: "The health of Garibaldi gives great anxiety to all his friends. Our Turin correspondent wrote some time ago that he did not share the general optimism, and to-day he writes to us that not only is the instep tumefied, but the swelling is gaining on the leg, which may bring about grave results. Garibaldi has been compelled to decline the visits which he has frequently received at Caprera."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MODERN WAR: its Theory and Practice. Illustrated from Celebrated Campaigns and Battles. With Maps and Diagrams. By EMERIC SZABAD, Captain U. S. A. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The author of this work is an Italian of large military experience, who came to this country after the Rebellion broke out and offered his services to the United States, having in view, as he informs us, "the two-fold object of fighting and describing the events of the war." Attached to Fremont's division, he was, at the close of operations in Western Virginia, temporarily relieved from active service; and the time to write of the war not having come, he has taken the opportunity to prepare this volume, embodying, in a popular form, an exposition of Military principles up to their highest development, as taught and acted upon by the great masters of the art of War.

ESSAYS ON THE GREEK CHRISTIAN POETS AND THE ENGLISH POETS. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING. New York: James Miller.

The papers in this volume were first printed in *The Athenæum*, in 1842. They were laid away by the author with the intention, some day, of revising and enlarging them. The task, however, was never fulfilled, and now they appear in this little "blue-and-gold" book, completing the publication of her works, which stand in five uniform volumes, including a Memorial by Theodore Tilton.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May contains: Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings; Dark Ways, by Harriet E. Prescott; After "Taps," by Col. H. B. Sargent; The Human Wheel, its Spokes and Felloes, by Oliver Wendell Holmes; Paul Blecker, by the Author of "Life in the Iron Mills"; Up the Thames, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; The Fern Forests of the Carboniferous Period, by Louis Agassiz; The Countess, by John G. Whittier; Gala Days, by Gail Hamilton; Give; Only an Irish Girl; Shall We Compromise? by D. A. Wasson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

TWENTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

THE Twenty-ninth Annual Meeting of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY will be held in the Church of the Puritans (Rev. Dr. Cheever's) in the city of New York, on TUESDAY, May 12th, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m.

The Society will hold another public meeting in the evening, in the Cooper Institute, commencing at 7½ o'clock. The names of the speakers will be announced hereafter.

The business meetings of the Society will be held in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Tuesday, at 3½, p.m., and on Wednesday, at 10, a.m.

The loyalty of this Society to freedom, and to free institutions, and to the government so far as it aims to uphold these, is unquestionable and uncompromising. It has emphatically pronounced against the Southern rebellion as in the highest degree perfidious and wicked; and, as it is now apparent to the civilized world that this rebellion is the legitimate product of slavery, and waged for no other reason, either avowed or hidden, than to give greater security and extension to that horrible system, which, by one blow, strikes down all human rights, and perpetrates every conceivable outrage upon human nature, the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY not only applauds the proclamation of President Lincoln, whereby more than three million of slaves were declared forever free on the first of January last, but maintains that a decree of immediate and universal emancipation is demanded by the imperilled state of the country; by fidelity of the government to its constitutional obligations in such a fearful emergency; by the hopelessness of attempting to perpetuate the Union upon any other basis than that of homogeneous institutions and interests, and impartial liberty and exact justice for all the people; by the inevitable dissolution of the old Union because of its antagonistical elements; and, especially and above all, by the Divine command to "undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free." Then shall our light, as a nation, rise in obscurity, and our darkness be as the noon-day; then they that shall be of us shall build the old waste places; we shall raise up the foundations of many generations; and we shall be called, THE REPAIRERS OF THE BREACH, THE RESTORERS OF PATHS TO DWELL IN.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

SOJOURNER TRUTH.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., April 14.

OLIVER JOHNSON—*Dear Friend:* Permit me, through the columns of THE STANDARD, on behalf of Sojourner Truth, whom your readers so well remember, to acknowledge the receipt of the several donations from her many generous friends, all of which have been gratefully received by her. Printed words can never convey such deep and heartfelt gratitude as she feels. The donors needed but to have seen the expression of her dark, care-worn face and heard her words of genuine thankfulness, to have realized that indeed it is "more blessed to give than to receive."

As we opened the letters, one by one, and read the words of sweet remembrance and kindness, she was quite overcome with joy, and more than once gave utterance to her feelings through her tears; praising the Lord who had so soon answered her prayer, which was, in language from the depths of her soul, as she sat weary and alone in her quiet little home: "Lord, I'm too old to work—I'm too sick to hold meetings and speak to de people, and sell my books; Lord, you sent de ravens to feed 'Lijah in de wilderness; now send de good angels to feed me while I live on thy footstool." No sooner had the appeal gone forth, than the answers came from the east and west, accompanied with material aid to supply her physical needs. Then again she exclaimed, in words of deepest gratitude: "Lord, I knew dy laws was sure, but I didn't t'ink dey would work so quick." The words of friendship and sympathy that filled every letter were a source of great joy and consolation to her, and when the comforting message from Gerrit Smith came, saying, "Sojourner, the God whom you so faithfully serve will abundantly bless you, He will suffer you to lack nothing either in body or soul," she threw up her hands, and, in her deep-toned voice, said: "The Lord bless the man! his heart is as big as de nation, and if he hadn't sent a penny, his words would feed my soul, and dat is what we all want." Then she mentioned Samuel Hill, of Northampton, Mass., where she lived 15 years, saying that his noble, generous heart had done a great deal for her. Ofttimes the full ecstasy of her soul would gush forth in all its original vigor and freshness, at the thought of her many friends and their quick responses. She once said to me: "I tell you, chile, de Lord manages everything; you see when you wrote dat letter, you didn't think you was doing much, but I tells you, dear lamb, dat when a thing is done in de right spirit, God takes it up and spreads it all over de country." She wishes the friends to know that the "little curly-headed, jolly grandson," whom Mrs. Stowe so graphically describes, is now grown to a tall, able-bodied lad, and *has just enlisted in the 54th Massachusetts Regiment*; gone forth with her prayers and blessings, she says, "to redeem de white people from de curse dat God has sent upon them." The glorious news of old Massachusetts leading in the van for the right of the colored man to fight, has just reached here, and she seems at times to be filled with all the fire and enthusiasm of her former years. She says if she were only ten years younger, she would be "on hand as the Joan of Arc to lead de army of de Lord; for now is de day and now de hour for de colored man to save dis nation; for dere sin have been so great dat dey don't know God, nor God don't know dem." I never heard her speak with greater force and power than she did the other day when some friends called to see her. She says this is all the way she has now to preach. She often speaks of T. W. Higginson and Frances D. Gage—thinks "dey are *appointed* of God to fill de position dey have taken." As I closed the interview Sojourner called down many blessings on all who had helped her to live, and "do good in de world."

I will give the names of the donors, so far as I know them, and if any have sent whose names do not appear, perhaps they will write, or they will yet come to hand.

Yours truly, PHEBE H. M. STICKNEY.

NAMES OF DONORS.

Joseph A. Dugdale, Iowa.
Ruth Dugdale, "
Sarah B. Dugdale, "
William Barnard, Chester Co., Pa.
Mary L. Barnard, " "
Phebe House, " "
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Maria Agnew, " "
Hannah Cox, " "
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Isaac Price, " "
Samuel Hill, Northampton, Mass.
H. B. Stowe, Andover, "
Gerrit Smith, Peterboro, N. Y.
S. P. Townsend, New York.
A friend, "

OBITUARY.

DIED, April 11th, at half past 9 a.m., at his home in Frandon, Clermont Co., Ohio, near Cincinnati, CHRISTIAN DONALDSON. For thirty years his name has been identified with anti-slavery effort at the West, especially in Cincinnati, the scene of his long and upright business career. The writer well remembers his calm, unflinching steadfastness, when mob violence on several occasions threatened a large portion of his property with destruction, as a consequence of his prominent advocacy of the golden rule in behalf of the friendless slave.

Quiet and mild in demeanor, genial and kind in discourse, patient and careful in debate, his convictions were earnestly avowed in those dark days when the demon slavery sat enthroned in commerce, society, Church and State; when "to look but a protest in silence was brave."

Possessed of ample means, he always responded to the claim of real need. Many a pilgrim of liberty, bound for a freer land, has dropped the burthen loosened by his charity and gone on his way rejoicing.

Mr. Donaldson was the intimate co-worker of all the earliest pioneers of freedom in the West. Probably every early anti-slavery enterprise, by press, Convention and itinerant lecturers, received his contribution or his personal aid, and brightly waves the growing grain where he hopefully cast the seed.

His long life of singular uprightness closed in peace. His mental faculties were undimmed. His life-long love of justice and liberty was firm in the last stern ordeal. The spirit was strong despite the weakness of the flesh. In the language of one who watched his departure, "he was anxious to enter upon a new field of usefulness." He leaves to the world he loved and wrought for, the example of a just, wise and humane life; he takes within the veil the warm esteem of his friends who remain, many of whom are among those "poor," whose benediction is of priceless worth.

EXPLANATION.—In last week's STANDARD the Treasurer reports $8.75 in silver—premium 40 per cent—$11.45, from the Female Anti-Slavery Society of 1839. It should have been acknowledged as from the *Women's Anti-Slavery Convention* of 1839.

In explanation it may be stated, that after the bills of the "Convention" were paid, the balance, $8.75, was kept by the late father of the Treasurer in an "old chest," where it was found a few weeks since! The money was placed in my hands. As the collection for the expenses of the Convention was from different States, it was thought fitting to send it to the *National Society*.

S. P.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Official dispatches announce that the fleet of Admiral Porter and the army, or a considerable portion of the army of Gen. Grant, have succeeded in passing the rebel batteries of Vicksburg, and are now south of that stronghold and between it and Port Hudson; that is to say, in a position from which they can attack either place as may seem most advisable, and can have the cooperation of Gen. Banks in case they should prefer to take Port Hudson first.

We have news from New Orleans to the 14th inst. Military movements were unimportant. Gen. Banks was in the Bayou Teche country, west of New Orleans, beyond Brashear City, near Franklin. At Franklin he had a slight skirmish; at Pattersonville, where the gunboat Diana was captured recently, there was no opposition. The precise object of the expedition is not stated, but it is guessed to be bound for Red River, down which stream immense supplies for the rebels are doubtless brought. It was said some days ago, that Admiral Farragut was up that river, and in danger of capture. Mr. Gaberton, Admiral Farragut's secretary, reached New Orleans on the 8th. On the 7th the Hartford came down the river to a point a few miles above Port Hudson, and that night Mr. Gaberton, with a negro as oarsman, embarked in a skiff, intending to communicate with the fleet below Port Hudson. They were successful, dropping down in the darkness of the night, and passing the batteries without detection. From him we know the actual situation of the Hartford. In passing the batteries at Port Hudson, in going up, she was hit only five times, and lost but one man killed. In the subsequent Warrenton and Grand Gulf fights, four more men on board were killed.

By a dispatch from Cincinnati we are told that the correspondent of *The Commercial* of that city, writing from Murfreesboro (date not given), has news that Gen. Dodge, commanding at Corinth, attacked the enemy and drove them from Bear Creek to Crane Creek. Our loss was 100 killed and wounded.

A steamer from Port Royal and Beaufort on Tuesday brought the welcome news that the rebels had retreated from the vicinity of Washington, N. C., and had abandoned all their batteries on Tar River. The steamer Escort left Newbern for Washington, N. C., on the 17th, by the Tar River, and had not been molested on her passage up. Gen. Foster was at Newbern on the 18th.

The War Department was made dramatic the other day by an Irish woman, of amazonian size, and heart as loyal as brave, who came under the auspices of Gen. Schenck, to present to Secretary Stanton the American flag pulled down by Col. Miles at Harper's Ferry when that post was surrendered to the rebels. "How did you secure this, my excellent woman?" "Sure, Sir, I just lifted my clothes, and wrapped it round me here, just as they flocked into the parade." The Secretary, after thanking her as her devotion deserved, ordered $50 to be paid to the brave woman.—*Wash. Cor. Times.*

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

LOUISIANA CONTRABANDS.

Col. Dudley, who recently made so successful an expedition from Baton Rouge into the enemy's country, writes to a friend concerning the contrabands who came to him:

"If white men had endured for country's sake what the whole of this party has for the last twenty-four hours, this war would have ended long since. Most of them waded through water from two to four feet deep, in the dark, for six and ten hours—swimming across bayous where they could not wade. One 'jet black' volunteers to return and transmit a message to the Admiral, if I will allow him. Don't tell me these men will not fight."

MURDER OF NEGROES.

From forty to sixty bushwhackers, supposed to be a part of a gang under Todd or Clifford, a few days since hailed the steamer Sam Gaty as she was passing Sibley, Mo., and ordered the pilot to run her ashore. The boat being within reach of their muskets, he had to comply. As the boat touched the shore, they boarded and took possession of her. There were on board about eighty contrabands, eight of the Missouri militia, and a few other persons. The bushwackers made a prisoner of the captain, killed eight or ten of the male negroes, and intended to kill all of them, but the others hid away in the darkness. They then killed two of the soldiers and wounded a third; three of the others escaped, and two were paroled. Mr. Wilson, who had charge of the negroes, had a narrow escape, one of Pennick's men being mistaken for him and killed. The guerillas robbed every man on board the boat, one man losing about $600. The captain was compelled to leave before daylight. The most revolting act in the bloody drama was the ordering ashore of the male negroes, drawing them up in a line, one man holding a lantern up to their faces, while the murderers shot them one by one through the head. One negro alone of all that were shot is alive. Such are the devils to whom we are called upon by Copperheads to sue for peace.—*Tribune.*

MASSACHUSETTS FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT.

Four or five weeks ago this regiment was a thing of speculation and doubt. With some it was an absurd and ridiculous dream, a mere Boston notion, which would amount to nothing but renewed proof of the folly of treating negroes as men. But now the Fifty-fourth regiment of colored men is a living fact, swelled to the dimensions of seven hundred men. It will soon be up to the letter of the law, both in numbers and character. Its officers, wisely enough, will have none in it but sound men able to bear the burdens of a soldier's life. Men are making their way to Massachusetts with a view to enlist from all parts of the State of New York, even from Ohio and Michigan. All doubt as to raising the regiment is removed, and instead of one regiment, the idea of raising a brigade looms up. The tide now setting towards Massachusetts is largely due to the zeal, industry and efficiency of Mr. George L. Stearns, of Boston. Moving about amongst us noiselessly and unostentatiously, selecting his man here and dropping his good word there, he has rapidly spread a net work of influences over the whole West, by which men flock in scores and fifties to fill up the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts regiment.—*Fred. Douglass's Monthly.*

"IS THIS THE PROCLAMATION?"

The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, writing from "American Lake," in the region of Vicksburg, tells the story of a foraging expedition. He says:

"The '*American citizens of African descent*' had heard of Abraham Lincoln and his proclamation of freedom, and they hailed the appearance of the ark in this lake as bearing the angel of deliverance from their worse than Egyptian bondage. Hence they came in flocks and herds—the old and the young and the middle-aged, the man of strong muscle and the not much less robust women, the silvered hairs (wool) of eighty years and children of all sizes—all came, bearing their bundles and boxes and such of the little ones as were not able to walk, and encamped near our landing with the hope that the boats which carried away their cotton and their cattle would waft them away from their homes and from their bondage, and from the face of the cruel taskmaster, to a land of freedom—a Canaan, where they would not have to make bricks without straw.

"Chicago and San Francisco are said to have furnished examples of extraordinary growth, but I mistake much if our negro village did not outstrip either of them for the space of two weeks. And indeed our village was not devoid of all appearances of city life in those metropolitan ports; for, though we had no churches with tall steeples, yet the old plantation preacher was there with his Bible, and he held prayer-meetings; and, though our theatre was the cabin of a steamboat, yet Sambo was there with his banjo, and the negroes danced for the amusement of the white men.

"But the scene changes—just now our boats are moving from the lake. The cotton and cattle are on board—we have no more use for the darkey, and after two weeks of encouraging hope, he is now told he cannot go on board of the boats, but must turn himself homeward to meet the angry frown of his master, and put himself under the merciless lash of that monster overseer. It may be that the praying negro refrained from cursing like Job when his boils afflicted him. It may be that the mirthful class satisfied themselves by sighing and tears, but the moralist everywhere will execrate the deception practised by the civilized man upon the poor ignorant slave. They were encouraged to come and encouraged to stay until the work was done, and their backs were returned to the lash and their limbs to the stocks. *Is this the proclamation?*"

THE NEGRO TROOPS IN FLORIDA.

Washington, Monday, April 20.—L. D. Stickney, United States Collector of Florida and South Carolina, reported to-day to the government the absolute success of the experiment of arming and organizing the slaves. He says that the late expedition which took and held Jacksonville, Fla., was composed entirely of black troops. They held the post two weeks, were engaged almost every day with superior numbers of the rebels, and in every instance drove them. Afterward, these black troops were reenforced by a white regiment—the Sixth Connecticut Volunteers—by no means favorable to negro soldiers. In an engagement with the rebel cavalry and artillery, the Sixth Connecticut supported the First and Second South Carolina (colored). After a severe engagement, in which the blacks were victorious, this white regiment declared it had no further prejudices against negroes who showed such pluck.

While our troops occupied Jacksonville, the rebel camp was eight miles distant. The commander of the United States forces, before making an attack, wished to destroy a railroad bridge three miles in the rear of the enemy. A negro volunteered to perform this perilous feat. Taking three days' rations in his knapsack, a bottle of turpentine, a box of matches and a pair of Colt's revolvers, he disappeared at night. The third day after he returned, having burned the bridge and reconnoitered the enemy's camp, so as to furnish much valuable information.

A former expedition up St. Mary's River, by five companies of the First regiment South Carolina Volunteers, furnished equally conclusive evidence of the bravery of the negro troops. Marching at night through a thick wood, they were attacked by rebel cavalry. At the first discharge one man was killed and four wounded; but instead of a panic, the blacks promptly returned the fire, emptying twelve rebel saddles at the first discarge. The uniform testimony of all the officers is, that the colored troops, when brought under fire, need check more than spur.—*N. Y. Times.*

FROM THE MISSISSIPPI.

A correspondent of the New York *Times* gives an account of the late expeditions in the neighborhood of Vicksburg. During the attempt to penetrate into the Big Sunflower, the expedition was obstructed and found its hands full in keeping the rebel troops and guerillas at bay. "The writer says: "At midnight a negro stole down to one of the steam tugs and informed the captain that a party of twenty-five rebel cavalry were at work down the creek (in Black Bayou) between them and the way they came, felling trees across the river to hem the gunboats in, and prevent their escape. They had with them a large number of slaves, with axes, whom they compelled, under threat of instant death, to do this work. The slave was immediately sent to the Admiral, who, put upon his guard by the faithful negro, immediately dispatched a force of marines and sailors to drive them away. They found what the negro reported to be perfectly true. The guerillas fled at their approach, but the negroes ran the other way, and placed themselves under the protection of our gunboats. They stated that their masters and the rebel officers sat on their horses and held loaded pistols at their heads, threatening to shoot the first one that flagged in his work. They volunteered to go immediately to work and remove the obstructions, and seemed overjoyed at the opportunity to do it, and to be taken on board the boats as they came along. On some of the smaller vessels there were negro hands, who asked to be supplied with guns, and who exhibited unflinching courage during the most trying times. They stood the rebel fire without flinching, and returned the fire whenever they could get the opportunity to do so, in a steady and soldierly manner.

"At a place called Glen Cove, a negro came running down to one of the boats, and cried out—'For God's sake, massa, fire a shot into that house yonder' (pointing to the big house on the plantation). 'They have got a black man in there, and they are killing him by inches, because he went down last night and talked with the gunboat men.' As the boat came near the house, three white men were seen to run from the house, and escape into the woods. The earnestness of the negro testified to his sincerity, and circumstances confirmed the truth of his story.

"At all the plantations as the gunboats approached, the negroes, who could be seen sometimes, forty and fifty in a gang, plowing in the field, would drop their implements in the furrows, run like scared partridges to the gunboats, and with uplifted hands and the most piteous appeals implore the officers to be taken on board. And this was so general and spontaneous along the whole line of travel as to excite particular attention. My informant says they seemed to think our coming among them was providential. They rushed down to the banks as if they were flying from a burning house to the certain succor of friends. They acted as if they thought the day of Jubilee had come. 'Groups of men, women and children, of every age,' says he, 'followed us for miles along the banks. Women wearily trudging along with children clinging to their necks; old men hobbling in their decrepitude, and young men and boys—all ran eagerly after us, refusing to take no for an answer. One woman, with a child on her back, kept on tearfully entreating to be taken aboard. She declared she would perish before she would go back to the plantation. Her entreaties and perseverance finally carried the day, and she was taken on. In a large majority of cases, however, it was like the case in the Scriptures—the one was taken and the other left, or rather half a dozen were generally left when one was taken. There was plenty of provisions in the country, and they all could have brought with them food enough to have fed them until ample supplies could have been secured. Who shall tell the horrors of suffering which the poor slaves left behind will be subjected to at the hands of their enraged owners?'"

Another correspondent of the same paper says: "The whites fled from the presence of the approaching forces, the blacks swarmed to the boats, taking it for granted that they were to be received and protected. Their movements did not please their owners and overseers. At one place where this exodus began, the overseer asked them where they were going. 'These people do not want you,' said he; 'go back, you niggers.' But 'niggers' didn't see it in that light, and kept on toward the Yankee gunboats and transports. The belching of big guns and the noise and confusion did not seem to scare the blacks in the least, and nothing could restrain their movements. Several important communications passed between Admiral Porter and Gen. Sherman, which were conveyed by these blacks. One only out of three failed to make his appearance. It is supposed he was captured by the enemy. . . The slaves brought out of the Yazoo region would raise corn and pork enough to feed a whole brigade of rebel soldiers. Distributed among the land and naval forces here, they will perform an immense amount of hard and necessary labor, thus saving the health and lives of our troops in this exhausting and unhealthy climate."

SOUTHERN ENGINEERS.

The negro soldiers in the Department of the Gulf having already proved themselves efficient and obedient soldiers, it has been determined to turn their mechanical skill to account. Recent letters from Baton Rouge report that a regiment of negro engineers is now organizing at that point. When filled, this regiment will consist of over twelve hundred able-bodied men, who will be attached to the engineer corps of the department, and be employed in bridge and road building under the instruction of competent officers. The blacks are proud of the trust reposed in them, and whenever they are employed in military duty give ample proof of intelligence, industry and capacity. Their first detail for the difficult and important service of the engineer department of the army is an important experiment, the results of which will be observed with curious interest.

The best-skilled labor of the Southern plantations was that of negro mechanics, whose aptness and dexterity, even under the oppressive rule of the slave-masters, was such as to secure enormous prices for the "likely blacksmiths," "excellent carpenters," and "good workmen," whose qualifications were once so glowingly set forth in the advertising columns of the Richmond, Charleston and New Orleans papers. In a state of freedom these men possess inducements which they never had under the rule of slavery, and they will be likely to give a good account of themselves.—*Eve. Post.*

A BATTLE IN LOUISIANA.

On the 9th inst., Col. Daniels, with a detachment of 180 men of the Second Louisiana Native Guards (colored), went from Ship Island to Pascagoula, a well-known watering place on the Mississippi coast, landed and took possession of the place, hoisting the Stars and Stripes on the hotel. Subsequently he was attacked by a force of 300 rebel cavalry and a company of infantry, and a severe fight followed, resulting in killing 20 rebels, wounding a large number and three prisoners. The rebels retreated, leaving a set of colors behind, as trophies to the Second Louisiana Native Guards. Col. Daniels lost two men killed and five slightly wounded. The enemy having brought down large reenforcements from Mobile Bay—troops which were about to be sent to the defence of Charleston—Col. Daniels reembarked on board the steamer and returned to Ship Island.

A curious project has been set on foot for the speedy conveyance of letters between England and France. It is proposed to erect in both countries, at a distance of about 1,000 meters from the coasts of Calais and Dover, a strong edifice of masonry, containing a steam engine of sufficient power, by means of which an immense wheel, 25 meters in diameter, is made to turn forty times a minute. By this rotation a series of wires, forming a gigantic strap, extending across the channel, is coiled round the wheel at one end, say at Dover, and uncoiled at the other, Calais, and conversely. To this strap India-rubber leather bags are to be attached, which are thus conveyed across the channel at the rate of 3,000 meters per minute, so that, within the space of twelve minutes, the letters and dispatches from one country may be landed in the other. The length alone of the strap is sufficient to cause its submersion, and the transmission might be effected in any weather.

DIED.

TRUMAN.—In Philadelphia, on the 19th inst., of Diphtheria, in the 9th year of her age, ELIZABETH PHILLIPS, only remaining child of James and Mary A. Truman, her sister, in her 5th year, having departed on the 14th. Thus, in less than one short week, have these afflicted parents been bereft of their two bright and lovely children by the ravages of the same ruthless disease.

Special Notices.

THE RELIGIOUS SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS will hold its Eleventh Yearly Me

Miscellaneous Department.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART."

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

They who have kept their spirits' virgin whiteness
Undimmed by folly and unstained by sin,
And made their foreheads radiant with the brightness
Of the pure truth whose temple is within—
They shall see God.

Freed from the thrall of every sinful passion,
Around their pathway beams celestial light;
They drink with joy the waters of salvation,
And in His love whose love is infinite,
They shall see God.

Though clouds may darken into storms around them,
The Promise pours through all its steady ray;
Nor hate can daunt, nor obloquy confound them,
Nor earth's temptations lure them from the way
That leads to God.

They shall see God! Oh! glorious fruition
Of all their hopes and longings here below,
They shall see God in beatific vision,
And evermore into his likeness grow—
Children of God!

So when the measure of their faith is meted,
And angels beckon from the courts on high—
Filled with all grace, the work divine completed,
They shall put on their immortality,
And dwell with God.

—*Christian Inquirer.*

THE FREEDMEN OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

THEIR CHARACTER AND CONDITION.

Correspondence of The Evening Post.

PORT ROYAL, March 20, 1863.

As the ship steams up to her anchorage in the broad bay of Port Royal she passes numerous men-of-war launches and cutters, propelled by the regular and lusty strokes of black oarsmen, neatly dressed in Scotch caps, substantial pea-jackets and blue flannel shirts and trowsers. The anchor is scarcely down when the Provost-Marshal's boat—the little "tug" Relief—puffs alongside, and peering closely down on her deck you notice as many black faces as white among her crew.

If you are permitted to land by this steamer, you may see, as I saw, during the passage to the long wharf, a shining black face suddenly popping up from the doghole which is called "forecastle" on shipboard, a pair of black hands rapidly turning over the well-thumbed pages of a primer; and if you have interest to watch further, you will see a black South Carolinian learning to read.

I must warn you that in looking on at this process you commit a grave offence against the whole "Southern Confederacy," while if you should rashly venture to help Sam in his lesson of the day, you become guilty of a crime held infamous in Sam's native State, and convicted of which, fifty miles from Hilton Head, you would share the fate of burglars and murderers.

If some heavily-laden steamship such as the Arago should chance to be unloading at the wharf, you will see four or five hundred stout black fellows working like beavers, rolling casks and barrels, moving boxes, and carrying burdens of all kinds.

If, after dinner, you ride out to Gen. Drayton's plantation, you may see the camp-ground of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers. Gen. Drayton was the leading rebel in this region—the commander of that force, "born insensible to fear," which ran away from Dupont's shells—and his "place" was fitly assigned by Gen. Hunter for the camp of the "First Loyal South Carolinas."

By the time you have seen all this, you begin to lose faith in the person who assured you that the negroes of Port Royal are an idle, dissolute, worthless set of creatures, who are supported at an enormous expense by an abolition government, etc., etc. You see, on the contrary, that black men are usefully employed by the navy, by the army, and by the Quartermaster's Department. When you have looked around a little farther, you will find that in yet other useful work not only black men, but black women and children, are busily and profitably engaged.

NUMBER OF FREEDMEN WITHIN OUR LINES.

There are at this time within our lines in South Carolina about 12,000 colored people, as absolutely free men and women as the same population of whites in any military department where martial law is strictly enforced. A census of the freedmen has just been taken, but the returns are not yet all at hand. According to a census taken on the 1st of May, 1862, there were then in South Carolina, on the plantations within our lines, 9,050. To this number have been added since, 500 refugees from Santee; 500 from St. Simon's Island, and about 400 from other parts. There are besides, according to the more recent census, 1,780 freed people living in Beaufort.

I want to repeat that these people are absolutely and entirely free. There is no attempt made to control them, either by special laws, or by any coercion, other than that to which all men and women submit in a civilized State. If I should add that, nevertheless, they have murdered no white men, have injured no white women or children, that they have burned no houses, destroyed no property; that crimes against the person are almost unknown, crimes against property not more frequent than in any equal population of ignorant whites; that the only murder committed by a black man since the islands have been ours was an act for the exact parallel of which a Congressman, now a General in the Union armies, was held justified by a jury, and by a large part of the public, especially in the slave States—if I should add all this, I am aware that my story would seem to many ignorant people as absurd and impossible as a wise public once thought Bruce's or M. Du Chaillu's. But I should nevertheless have told the simple truth.

THEIR CHARACTER.

The planters have always persuaded us that their four million of slaves were a dangerous class; and the precautions they took and their evident apprehensions in regard to this population prove that they were in earnest. As slaves, then, they were dangerous to the community, so every slaveholder told you; as free men they have proved themselves peaceable, law-abiding and useful. As slaves, special laws, cruel punishments and disgraceful guards were required—in the opinion of the slaveholder—to keep them from murder and rapine; but our experience in these Sea Islands shows that as freemen these same people are so harmless, so kind, so ready to submit to all laws and to all proper guidance, so averse from violence, that in all parts of the island ladies are stationed as teachers, and move about among them unguarded, unarmed and unharmed. The recent order of Gen. Hunter, drafting all able-bodied blacks into the army, is enforced by black soldiers, squads of whom are sent over the islands to pick up conscripts. A new broom sweeps clean; the negro soldiers are zealous—sometimes they display more zeal than discretion. At St. Helena their search for recruits was conducted somewhat rudely. It is reported that they took an old man of seventy and several boys under age. They entered the schoolhouses and the churches where schools are assembled. They frightened the children, many of whom ran home, seeing fierce-looking armed men rushing in among them with bayonets fixed. They searched under the old-fashioned pews for fugitives.

In one place a black soldier even drew a sabre to compel a man to go along with him. I was on the island two or three days afterwards, and saw a number of the teachers and superintendents, but I heard not the slightest complaint of even chance incivility, from the ladies, who were utterly defenceless in their lonely little country schools.

The South Carolina freedmen are not paupers. They receive no support of any kind from the government, nor charity from any source. They have done almost all the work in the Quartermaster's Department; they have, besides this, raised on the plantations, during the past year of freedom, sufficient food to supply themselves. In the season they have sold garden vegetables, melons, etc., to the troops to a considerable amount; they have furnished a full regiment, and more, of soldiers; and besides this, they have raised, gathered, ginned and packed seventy-five thousand pounds of Sea Island cotton, which will presently come to market.

I have before me papers from which the following figures are drawn: Of the 9,050 freed people of color on the islands on the 1st of May, 1862, 3,619 were children "under quarter hands," as it is called—that is to say, under twelve years of age, and unfit to work. There were 693 infirm and old. There remained 4,738 men, women and youth, *all of whom are workers.* Of these, 309 were returned as mechanics and house servants, unused to work in the fields. The remainder were all all laborers, fit and willing for all kinds of hard work.

INDUSTRY OF THE BLACKS.

If you consider these figures for a moment, you will see the immense importance to the rebels of their slave population. For a time of war, when the whole energies of a great region must be used only to feed great armies, no doubt four million of people trained to labor, as the slaves of the Southern States have been, are equal to six million of any other population. As you ride through the islands you will find this thought frequently recurring to your mind. It is just now the time when the fields are made ready for corn and cotton. The able-bodied men have been drawn away to work in the Quartermaster's Department and to serve in the army; but the field work does not therefore stop. On every side you see women, and boys and girls, working with their heavy, ungainly but effective hoes, preparing the ground. It is found that the women are in fact more persevering in their industry than the men. Their earnings are, on the average, quite as great as those of the men who work in the fields. This is shown by the labor books. But I must add that it is not the opinion of some among the black men. Harry, a smart fellow, who manages a plantation on St. Helena Island, said to me,

"De men's nearly all gone, now, sir, and so de work don't go on; for, you see de women don't work well when de men's gone."

"But," said I, "Harry, the women *do* work; I see them on every hand, busy in the field."

"Yes, sir, dey *work*," was his reply, "but dey don't work like men. After all, sir, one good-for-nuffin man's worth two smart women any day."

Have you not heard some such opinions from ignorant men in the North?

I hope I have made it plain that the freedmen of South Carolina are not a burden to any one. On the contrary, they have been of great service. If the rebels had been able to carry off all the negroes with them they would have very seriously embarrassed our operations in the Department of the South. By the Quartermaster alone about one thousand able-bodied blacks are employed. They receive five dollars per month and a soldier's ration.

To have brought white laborers from the North to perform this severe but necessary work would have cost a great sum in the first place for transportation, and at least double the amount now paid in wages. Colored mechanics employed by the military authorities are paid eight dollars per month and a soldier's ration. Some, the most capable, receive as much as twelve to fifteen dollars per month.

SLAVE AND FREE LABOR.

There is no cause to fear that the conscription will bring suffering or want on the freed people of this region. Gen. Hunter's order takes away from his home and puts into the public service, either as laborer in the Quartermaster's Department, or as soldier, *every able-bodied man of the population.* But the wants of those who remain behind are so few, and, as I have shown, the women are to so great a degree accustomed to dig and hoe, plant and harvest, that the culture of the soil, their chief dependence, cannot be injuriously affected.

While slaves, the only food these negroes on the Sea Islands of Carolina received from their masters was one peck of Indian corn per week. On a very few plantations the masters gave in addition, during the season when the field work was most exhausting, a little bacon twice or thrice in the week. Fresh meat they tasted, probably, once or twice in the year, say at Christmas and on Independence day. An old woman said, "My missus she very mean woman, very mean woman, indeed—she kill a cow once in t'ree year!"

They ground their peck of corn in small mills turned by hand, after the day's work was done. They had no other allowance of food from the masters except a little salt. But in every cabin I found a scoop net; every cove and inlet abounding in mullet and other fish. Oysters are also abundant; and you hear pigs squealing and hens cackling around all the "quarters." The last they raised to sell, and not to eat.

HEALTH.

Insufficient nourishment and untimely work has affected the health of these people. I am told by physicians here that scrofulous diseases are commoner than among a similar population in the free States, and rupture is also more frequent. The recruiting officer will not find an equal proportion of able-bodied men for the army here as with a like population in the North, but for field work even those unfit for arms are still able. They understand very well, themselves, that they have not had a fair chance in this way. The women tell you that they will raise stronger children now that they are not worked so hard, for it was the custom here to extort field work from pregnant women up to the very day when their children were born, and when the child was two weeks old the poor mother was again sent to work with her hoe. I noticed in most of the large cotton-fields, single palmetto trees, of considerable size, dotted like sentinels, at regular intervals, over the field; it was easy to see that they had been planted there for a purpose, and on asking, I was told by the people that under these trees the mothers left their young babies, in charge of some old crone, while they were busy with the hoe, and hither they came to suckle the little ones at appointed hours. It was, I think, the only labor or time-saving arrangement I saw on these islands, contrived by slaveholders, and that saved time and labor only for their profit.

A CONVERSATION.

Aunt Phillis, an old woman on one of the Pope plantations, speaking one day of the changes she noticed since the flight of the masters, remarked:

"De chillen what's born sence de Yankees cum, dey's fat, dey's big and hearty. Dey aint like dem in de old time. De chillen born in de old time, de poor tings, dey lean, *lean* like buzzard—you know buzzard, massa? Dem chillen lean jest like buzzard."

"For why," she continued, "dey used to make we work, *work*, WORK, so poor moder hab nuffin to gib her child—child starve 'fore it born—dat's what make 'em lean—like buzzard."

For people living under a patriarchal system, they display a singular dislike to the patriarchs. I find the testimony universal, that the masters were "mean." All were not cruel, but all were hard task-masters. So their former subjects say.

"Dey's all mean alike," said one man, when closely questioned. Now, there was one Fripps, a planter on one of the islands, of whom the blacks habitually speak as "good Mr. Fripps." "Come, now, Sam," said the questioner, "there was good Mr. Fripps, he could not have been mean."

"Yes, sah, he bad to his people same as any of 'em."

"Why do you call him good Mr. Fripps, then?"

"Oh," said Sam, "dat no tell he good to us; call him 'good' 'cause he good Metodis' man—he sing and pray loud on Sundys."

I heard no words of hatred towards the masters; but the expression of horror which overspread many of their faces, particularly among the women, at a suggestion, soberly made, that "old massa" might presently come back, was painful to me—and surely disgraceful to the runaway patriarchs.

"Suppose, if we get to Charleston, we catch your master," said one of our company, to a woman at Pope's, "shall we bring him here?"

"Oh, don't, massa, don't bring him here; we no want to see him nebber more," shouted a chorus of women.

"But what shall we do with him?"

"Do what you please," said the chorus.

"Shall we hang him?"

"If you want, massa"—somewhat thoughtfully.

"But shall we bring him *here* and hang him?"

Chorus—much excited and shriller than ever—"No, no, don't fetch him here, we no want to see him nebber more again!"

Aunt Phillis told how her master built his new house only the year before the rebellion, and "sarve him right, he no get good of it. Suppose he good to us, he no run away, he stay in he's house. But he mean man, he run away now, he nebber come back."

She dwells much upon the fact that her master had paid much money for the house, "great deal of money, much as twenty thousand dollar!" I asked, "Where did your master get so much money?" At this the old woman rose in her bed—she was sick, and my friends were paying her a visit of kindness—and with much excitement exclaimed:

"Whar he git he money? Whar he git he money? Is dat what you ask—whar he got he money? I show you, massa." Pushing up her sleeve, she showed a gaunt, shining black arm, and tapping it energetically with her forefinger, exclaimed, "You see dat, massa? Dat's whar he got he money—out o' dat black skin he got he money."

I have set down as nearly as I can the rude jargon in which they speak. The tones of the voice are impossible to give, and they give a wonderful force to such a conversation as that above related. They are highly dramatic, and present a narrative in the conversational form, which makes it extremely difficult to follow their rapid and thick utterance. I found it impossible to understand all they said when speaking with those who had been field hands. They have a curious accent, something like that of a Frenchman speaking English poorly; but, in addition, they have numerous contractions, inversions of form and cant phrases, which make the unaccustomed listener's task more difficult. "I go shum" was a puzzler to me, often occurring, till I learned that "shum" is simply a contraction for "see him," and the whole phrase means generally, "I will go and see about it."

Men like the Harry whom I have mentioned, who have been accustomed to work about the house—Harry had been his master's manager—speak plainly enough; and as the children learn to read in the schools, they also will come gradually to speak correctly. There are already signs of improvement in this respect. It is very desirable that the rising generation should be taught to speak the language correctly. The jargon of the old people is really, in many cases, a barrier to intercourse, and gave me, unconsciously, sometimes the feeling that I was speaking with foreigners.

C. N.

TO E. W.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

I know not, Time and Space so intervene,
Whether, still waiting with a trust serene,
Thou bearest up thy fourscore years and ten,
Or, called at last, art now Heaven's citizen;
But, here or there, a pleasant thought of thee,
Like an old friend, all day has been with me.
The shy, still boy, for whom thy kindly hand
Smoothed his hard pathway to the wonder-land
Of thought and fancy, in gray manhood yet
Keeps green the memory of his early debt.
To-day, when truth and falsehood speak their words
Through hot-lipped cannon and the teeth of swords,
Listening with quickened heart and ear intent
To each sharp clause of that stern argument,
I still can hear at times a softer note
Of the old pastoral music round me float,
While through the hot gleam of our civil strife
Looms the green mirage of a simpler life.
As, at his alien post, the sentinel
Drops the old bucket in the homestead well,
And hears old voices in the winds that toss
Above his head the live-oak's beard of moss,
So, in our trial-time, and under skies
Shadowed by swords like Islam's paradise,
I wait and watch, and let my fancy stray
To milder scenes and youth's Arcadian day;
And howsoe'er the pencil dipped in dreams
Shades the brown woods or tints the sunset streams,
The country doctor in the foreground seems,
Whose ancient sulky down the village lanes
Dragged, like a war-car, captive ills and pains.
I could not paint the scenery of my song,
Mindless of one who looked thereon so long;
Who, night and day, on duty's lonely round,
Made friends o' th' woods and rocks, and knew the sound
Of each small brook, and what the hill-side trees
Said to the winds that touched their leafy keys;
Who saw so keenly and so well could paint
The village folk, with all their humors quaint—
The parson ambling on his wall-eyed roan,
Grave and erect, with white hair backward blown—
The tough old boatman, half amphibious grown—
The muttering witch-wife of the gossip's tale,
And the loud straggler levying his black mail—
Old customs, habits, superstitions, fears,
All that lies buried under fifty years,
To thee, as is most fit, I bring my lay,
And, grateful, own the debt I cannot pay.

THE COUNTESS.

Over the wooded northern ridge,
Between its houses brown,
To the dark tunnel of the bridge
The street comes straggling down.

You catch a glimpse through birch and pine
Of gable, roof, and porch,
The tavern with its swinging sign,
The sharp horn of the church.

The river's steel-blue crescent curves
To meet, in ebb and flow,
The single broken wharf that serves
For sloop and gundelow.

With salt sea-scents along its shores
The heavy hay-boats crawl,
The long antennæ of their oars
In lazy rise and fall.

Along the gray abutment's wall
The idle shad-net dries;
The toll-man in his cobbler's stall
Sits smoking with closed eyes.

You hear the pier's low undertone
Of waves that chafe and gnaw;
You start—a skipper's horn is blown
To raise the creaking draw.

At times a blacksmith's anvil sounds
With slow and sluggard beat,
Or stage-coach on its dusty rounds
Wakes up the staring street.

A place for idle eyes and ears,
A cobwebbed nook of dreams;
Left by the stream whose waves are years
The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,
The native dweller clings,
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,
The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring pines
Instead of rail-road train.

Go where, along the tangled steep
That slopes against the west,
The hamlet's buried idlers sleep
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery plume,
The birch's pale-green scarf,
And break the web of brier and bloom
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,
Of pomp and romance shorn,
The dry, old names that common breath
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound and part
The wild vines o'er it laced,
And read the words by rustic art
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply yon white-haired villager
Of fourscore years can say
What means the noble name of her
Who sleeps with common clay.

An exile from the Gascon land
Found refuge here and rest,
And loved, of all the village band,
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath morns,
He worshipped through her eyes,
And on the pride that doubts and scorns
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw
By homeliest duties tried,
In all things by an untaught law
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid;
He took the hue and tone
Of lowly life and toil, and made
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still, in gay and careless ease,
To harvest-field or dance
He brought the gentle courtesies,
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not less
From him she loved in turn
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,
Nor knew the gazing town
If she looked upward to her lord,
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was o'er,
His violin's mirth and wail,
The walk on pleasant Newbury's shore,
The river's moonlit sail!

Ah! life is brief, though love be long;
The altar and the bier,
The burial hymn and bridal song,
Were both in one short year!

Her rest is quiet on the hill
Beneath the locust's bloom;
Far off her lover sleeps as still
Within his 'scutcheoned tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid
In death still clasp their hands;
The love that levels rank and grade
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hill-side grave,
Or whose the blazoned stone?
Forever to her western wave
Shall whisper blue Garonne!

O Love!—so hallowing every soil
That gives thy sweet flower room,
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,
The human heart takes bloom!—

Plant of lost Eden, from the sod
Of sinful earth unriven,
White blossom of the trees of God
Dropped down to us from heaven!—

This tangled waste of mound and stone
Is holy for thy sake;
A sweetness which is all thy own
Breathes out from fern and brake.

And while ancestral pride shall twine
The Gascon's tomb with flowers,
Fall sweetly here, O song of mine,
With summer's bloom and showers!

And let the lines that severed seem
Unite again in thee,
As western wave and Gallic stream
Are mingled in one sea!

—*Atlantic Monthly, for May.*

COCHIN'S "RESULTS OF SLAVERY."

From The Liberator.

As far as he has investigated the subject, M. Cochin has certainly acquitted himself with great ability, exhibiting throughout remarkable accuracy in his statement and analysis of facts, and a most dispassionate condition of mind in the presentation of his views. But who can trace the "Results of Slavery," it all its dreadful manifestations? M. Cochin confines his attention to its political and economical aspects, but omits all reference to its utterly demoralizing tendencies wherever tolerated, particularly its corrupting influence upon the religion of the country, not only depriving it of the power to protest, but seducing it into active complicity. Had M. Cochin seen the Hon. James G. Birney's pamphlet, "The American Church the Bulwark of Slavery," or that of Parker Pillsbury, "The Church as it is," or that of Stephen S. Foster, "The Brotherhood of Thieves," he would have found certain astounding "Results of Slavery," in a quarter which he does not appear to have explored at all. We hope he will yet find time to bend himself to this task, promising him whatever aid we can render in furnishing the necessary materials, and predicting, as a consequence, the preparation of a volume of the most instructive and startling character.

It strikes us as very singular, and wholly inexplicable, that while treating upon American slavery from the adoption of the Constitution to the culmination of the Southern rebellion, no reference whatever is made by him to the thirty years' moral struggle for the abolition of slavery—a struggle which has had no parallel for disinterested philanthropy, persistent purpose, unfaltering heroism, and true sublimity; which has sundered the most powerful religious bodies, broken in pieces old political parties, compelled the nation to contemplate its own immeasurable iniquity, met victoriously every form of opposition, and at last made the Union too full of the spirit of freedom for the Slave Power to retain its ancient mastery, and so in its madness it is trying to find safety in secession and an independent Confederacy. But for the anti-slavery movement, that power would have still held the North as its abject vassal, determined the policy of the government, subjected every Territory now free to its accursed domination, crushed out the liberty of the press and freedom of speech, and held undisputed sway over the whole country. But for that movement, there had been no Kansas struggle, no John Brown invasion of Virginia, none of the great and momemtous issues presented which have shaken the land to its centre. Whatever of manhood, of self-respect, of moral purity, of courageous freedom, is found at the North at this hour, is mainly due to the uncompromising principles and untiring labors of the Abolitionists; and, though they are still disowned by political cowardice and selfishness, and assailed by ruffian violence and demented blackguardism, the time is rapidly hastening when they will be acknowledged as worthy of universal gratitude, veneration and applause.

VOICE OF THE WORKING-MEN OF LONDON.

[We have before us, in *The Bee-Hive Newspaper*, the organ of the Laboring Classes, a full report of the great meeting of Trades-Unionists in St. James's Hall, London, on Thursday evening, March 26th, of which Mr. F. W. CHESSON, the Secretary of the Emancipation Society, gave a brief account in a letter which we published last week. We regret that our space is too limited to permit us to print the proceedings at length, for they are very interesting and valuable. The speech of JOHN BRIGHT, on taking the chair, is admirable, and so also are the addresses of the various working-men who stood forth on the occasion to honor themselves in pleading the cause of the American slave and in rebuking the British aristocracy for their manifestations of sympathy with the Southern rebellion. We very reluctantly pass over all these, however, to make room for the speech of Prof. BEESLEY, which embodies views less familiar to our readers than those of the other speakers, and highly important at the present time.]

Speech of Prof. Beesley.

PROF. BEESLEY rose to second the following resolution:

Resolved, That we altogether repudiate the statements, that the war now raging in America is the result of Republican or Democratic institutions, but rather do we believe that the liberty arising out of such institutions has made it impossible for slavery longer to exist there; and we further believe that, should the South be successful in setting up a government founded on human slavery, to recognize such a government would be to take a step backwards in civilization; and we declare that we will use our utmost efforts to prevent the recognition of any government founded on such a monstrous iniquity. And we hereby tender our thanks to the President, government and people of the Northern States, for the firmness they have displayed and the sacrifices they have made to restore the Union, and to consolidate the liberty of the republic; and as the cause of labor and liberty is one all over the world, we bid them God speed in their glorious work of Emancipation.

The speakers who have preceded me have proved so conclusively on which side the right is in this American war, that I think I should be wasting the few minutes allotted to me if I dwelt any longer on that aspect of the question. I shall, therefore, confine my remarks to that part of the resolution which affirms that the cause of labor is one all over the world. I shall ask you to look at this question as one affecting your interests, and considering the proportion which the laboring class bears to the rest of the community, here and everywhere else, I don't think such a mode of looking at the question can fairly be stigmatized as narrow or one-sided. I say, then, that whatever conflicting views or interests may be imported into this question, you, as working men, have a very simple criterion by which to test it. You will say we are accustomed over here to test a policy by the bearing it will have on the interests of labor, and we shall apply the same test on the other side of the Atlantic. Political economists tell us that labor is a commodity, and that like other commodities, if it is very cheap in one place it will have a tendency in the long run to sink in value in other places also. It is not our interest that labor should be cheap here or anywhere else, much less that it should be absolutely unpaid. We made a great outcry when sappers and miners were employed to do the work of Mr. Higgs at the Chelsea Barracks. Now, if the unpaid labor of forty or fifty sappers and miners interfered with the fair price here, surely the unpaid labor of four or five million of negroes must interfere with the fair price in the labor market of the world, and it is very easy to see why. No one ever emigrates from England to a slave State; and, if the Northern States of America had been accursed with slavery like the Southern, where would have been the outlet for our surplus population during the last twenty years? In other words, what would have been the rate of wages in England at the present moment? Now, there may be some who may feel a little shocked at the idea of being classed with slaves under the general term of laborers. They may feel loath to believe that their interests are the same, that they are fellow-soldiers in the same cause, that the struggle over there is but another version of the struggle with which you are but too familiar here. And yet I think that the conception of the solidarity of labor is one which must have dawned on many of you of late years. I am persuaded that you have thought of the working men of France, for instance, as bound to you by sympathies and interests which overleap material and geographical demarcations. But you must go further. There are two classes of workmen, both infinitely below you in intelligence, in organization, in social position, but still workmen, and, therefore, irrevocably bound up with you. I mean the agricultural laborers of England and the negro slaves of America. I might, of course, mention other classes, but I select those two because they coöperate closely with you, and are, so to speak, working for the same employers as you. If this was the proper occasion, I would give you my reasons for believing that your efforts to organize labor in England will never be thoroughly successful until you have taken the agricultural laborers as it were into partnership, until they, like you, have begun to reflect seriously on the relation of labor and capital. But what I want to insist upon now is, the cause of the enslaved laborer in America is the same as that of the free laborer in England. The slaveholding aristocracy of the South understand this perfectly. They maintain in the most open manner that slavery is the natural condition of labor, that society is divided normally into slave-owners and slaves. You might have hesitated to give that language its full literal interpretation; but the passages quoted from their own writings by the speaker who preceded me, leave no doubt as to their meaning. I saw the thrill of horror and indignation which ran through this vast assemblage, as he read those infamous words. Why, the white laborers of the South must be little better than slaves already, if such words can be used among them with impunity. The editor of *The Times* has not got quite so far as that yet; I should not like to walk down Fleet street in his shoes if he had. Now, of course, my friend, Mr. Cremer, was not trying to persuade you that there was any danger, even the remotest, of your being reduced to slavery. But just as you can tell a plant better when it is in full leaf and blossom than when you merely see a root, or a seed, so the full-blown significance of these doctrines, and their real bearing on your interests stands confessed in these imprudent avowals of some extreme partisans. Again, I am far from imputing to our upper classes the design or desire to buy and sell you like cattle. But I think the greater part of them, even of those calling themselves Liberals, are of opinion that you have got a great deal more independence and freedom of action than is good for you. I don't pretend to say what modicum of freedom they think ought to be conceded to you; but from what we know of human nature, I think we may safely say that if they could fix it now at what they pleased, the next generation of them would discover that even that modicum ought to be still farther curtailed, and so on, until at length you would differ from negro slaves in nothing except the color of your skins (hear). That model Tory, George III., could not bear the idea of emancipating our West Indian slaves, because it savored of the rights of man. He was a particulary stupid man; but even the brutes have instinct; and his instinct told him that if black laborers got their rights, the next thing would be, that white laborers would be wanting theirs; and you may depend upon it that that feeling is at the bottom of all the hostility to emancipation which we see now in England: Where was it that the attempts to abolish the slave trade met with the fiercest opposition? Why, in the House of Lords. Mind, not slavery but the slave trade. Nay, even the attempt to impose some sanitary regulation on slave ships, the sort of thing they apply now to emigrant ships, though it passed the Commons with only some half-dozen votes against it, met with the fiercest opposition in the House of Lords. Now, you might think that was a very harmless measure; nothing very dangerous and revolutionary. Trust the House of Lords for knowing what they're about. They can detect the thin end of the wedge as soon as most people. Even when abolition of the slave trade was carried in the House of Commons, it was rejected in the House of Lords. As for emancipation, that was carried in the first fervor of a reformed Parliament; and a good job too. For I'm very certain, if it was still to do, that Mr. Gregory, the member for Galway, and Mr. Bentinck, the Protectionist, and Mr. Beresford Hope, the Puseyite, and Mr. Walter, of *The Times*, would find a great many excellent reasons why we should be in no hurry about it. Why, these people are getting so insolent that they are forgetting even common prudence and decency. They assign openly as their reason for supporting the South, that the slave-owners are gentlemen. They are passing the word round to stand by their order. Well, you stand by yours (cheers). You won't have so low to stoop as they have. Your allies may be humble, but they're not infamous. We know what these people mean by gentlemen. With them it is equivalent to idlers, the ornamental class that haven't got to work for their living. All workers they look on as dangerous—a class to be kept down—to be schemed against—their natural enemies. Amongst themselves, they have made up their differences. They still call themselves Whigs and Tories; but they have borrowed the motto of your societies, "Union is strength." For they have found one grand cardinal principle on which they can agree. It is the key to our whole political situation; to our foreign policy no less than to our domestic; to every measure of the government, to every manœuvre of the Opposition. Shall I tell you what this all-absorbing sentiment is? It is fear of you (hear). When Lord Derby came into power in 1852, he announced that his mission was to make a stand against democracy. Well, that is what they are all doing now—making a stand against democracy. It was the builders' strike in 1859 that settled the fate of the Reform Bill. They were thrown into a state of crazy terror by the glimpses they then caught of your unanimity and organization. Over and over again have I heard it alleged as a proof of the danger of entrusting you with the franchise. Now, fellow-citizens, when you are seriously bent on having the franchise and tell them so plainly, of course they will have to give way. If the Reform Bill failed, it was not because of their firmness, as they are silly enough to suppose; but because there were other things just then which you cared about a good deal more. Still it was not pleasant to have the door slammed in your face, even though you did not care about going in. And I imagine your temper will not be improved by seeing them parade their sympathy and admiration for these Southern gentlemen, while they keep you at arm's length like so many dangerous wild beasts. To come now to the practical question, what can working men do? I am rejoiced to think that there is not the slightest doubt on which side your sympathies are. But what is wanted is, that you should express them in an imposing, unmistakable manner. Such meetings as these, genuine gatherings of working men, will have a good effect in two quarters, in America and in the House of Commons. In America it will do something to remedy the mischief that has been done by our wicked press. I don't for a moment mean to excuse the foul-mouthed and idiotic bluster that many American papers have used towards us. Newspaper writers are the plague and curse of both countries. But I can most fully excuse the grief and indignation felt by the most respectable Americans. They only hear what *The Times* says to please the upper classes. How are they to know that you, the real people of this country, wish them well when you have not made yourselves heard? Never has a poor country been so ungraciously, so cruelly treated. For years have we been taunting them with slavery. They make a move to get rid of it, we turn round and call them exterminators. When they seemed reluctant to draw the sword they were cowards; when they drew it they were bullies. First their battles were sneered at as bloodless; now they are denounced as murderous. There is a story of an Italian poet who had tried a great many ways of getting his living, but with such uniform bad success that at last he said that he believed that if he had been a hatter, people would have been born without heads. Really I think the Americans may fairly say that there is no possible policy they could adopt which would satisfy some people over here. But it is no trifling matter that a bitter feeling should grow up against us in a country which in a few years will be able to do us more harm than all Europe put together. If you allow the upper classes to pass themselves off as the people of England, you will have only yourselves to blame for the consequences. Let America see that there is a mass of honest, friendly sympathy over here among people who don't read *The Times*. Cheer her in this her sore trial by an expression of your good will. A few kind words go a long way at such a season. Long and anxiously has she listened for them. Shame on us that the manly voice of the people has not long since swelled into a roar to drown the malignant taunts of those who are not the people. *The Times* tells us that this is no genuine movement for Emancipation, or we should see the hereditary champions of the cause in our van. Well, we know where Mr. Buxton is, and more shame for him; and as for the Bishop of Oxford, if they mean him, I think we had rather be without him. They might as well say that our respected Chairman had no right to bring forward a Reform Bill, unless he could prove his descent from some Baron of Magna Charta. No! there are a great many rights and privileges hereditary in England; more perhaps than you approve of (hear, hear). But the right to take up a good cause, thank Heaven, is the free inheritance of all (loud cheers). But the popular voice must make itself heard not only in America, but at Westminster. We have had attempts made to get the South recognized, and we shall have them again. I believe government will defer it as long as they can. But it is not at all clear to me that the Tories won't get a majority on it. Now, are you going to stand that? (Loud shouts of "No!") Speak out loud and it won't be done. Our governing classes may refuse to enfranchise you. They may shut the door of the House of Commons in your face and value themselves on their cleverness. But when there is need you know how to make your voice heard. You would sweep away like so many cobwebs, were it necessary, the flimsy constitutional handcuffs in which they think they have you fast. But at present you don't care to stir. If, by coming here and quietly expressing your wishes, you can determine the policy of the country, it is much the same to you whether you do it here or at Westminster. So long as your interests are not flagrantly outraged, you allow your rulers to play their little game, and quarrel with one another for place and profit. But if they so far forget their weakness and your strength, as to trifle with you on matters of this kind, you will shake it all down some fine day like a house of cards (cheers). But it won't come to that this time. They won't risk our precious Constitution for their slaveholding friends. Tell them that you won't have quarrels picked with any country, but least of all with a republic, to please the gentlemen (cheers)—that pirate ships shall not be sent out from Liverpool by members of Parliament to embroil us with a friendly people; and that whether the slave-owners' mutiny succeed or not in America, noblemen and gentlemen had better not try to take the bit in their teeth over here (loud cheers). Gentlemen, I have touched on other subjects besides Emancipation, but I don't think you will charge me with introducing irrelevant matter. Let them make politics a forbidden subject at other Emancipation meetings. We are met here to-night, we say it openly, not merely as friends of Emancipation, but as friends of Reform (loud cheers). This is the first time, I believe, that the Trades' Unionists of London have met together to pronounce on a political question, but I am sure it will not be the last, and the importance of such a meeting is not to be measured by counting heads. I hail it as a proof that you will no longer, in the absorbing interest of industrial questions, lose sight of those political questions which concern your class most vitally, though they may seem not to come home so palpably to each one of you. There is no danger of your unions being degraded into electioneering agencies or mere political debating clubs; but there is as little danger, I am sure, that intelligent working men will ever meet together in any place or on any subject without encouraging one another in the sacred cause of political progress (loud cheering).

[Mr. Petheridge, joiner, moved the adoption of the following address to President Lincoln, and that a small deputation be appointed to wait upon and present it to his Excellency Mr. Adams, with the view of being forwarded to the President:]

TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

HONORED SIR: A portion of the British press, led by the infamous *Times*, an arrogant aristocracy, and some of the moneyed classes of this country, having misrepresented the wishes and feelings of its people with regard to the lamentable contest between two portions of the great republic of which you are the legal and constitutional chief, we, the Trades Unionists, and working men of London, in public meeting assembled, desire to assure you and the people of the Northern and loyal States of America that our earnest and heartfelt sympathies are with you in the arduous struggle you are maintaining in the cause of human freedom.

We indignantly protest against the assertion that the people of England wish for the success of the Southern States in their diabolical attempt to establish a separate government on the basis of human slavery.

However much a liberty-hating aristocracy and an unscrupulous moneyocracy may desire the consummation of such a crime, we, the working men of London, view it with abhorrence.

We know that slavery in America must have an indirect but real tendency to degrade and depress labor in this country also, and for this, if for no higher reason, we should refuse our sympathy to this infamous rebellion.

The history of our race has been the story of a long continued struggle for freedom; and we prize too highly the liberties bequeathed us by our fathers to desecrate their memories by descending to associate with the conspirators who seek to sink the producers of human necessaries and human wealth into soulless beasts.

Though we have felt proud of our country, of the freedom won for its children, by the sacrifices and the blood of our fathers, yet have we ever turned with glowing admiration to your great Republic, where a higher political and social freedom has been generally established, but we have always regretted that its citizens, our brothers in the great Anglo-Saxon family, should have allowed the foul stain of negro slavery to remain a black spot on their otherwise noble institutions.

When you, sir, were elected chief magistrate of the great American republic, we hoped for the inauguration of a policy which should cause slavery to disappear from the soil of the United States, and we have not been disappointed. Though surrounded by difficulties, though trammeled by enactments made during the ascendency of the slave-owners, you have struck off the shackles from the poor slaves of Columbia; you have welcomed as men, as equals under God, the colored peoples of Hayti and Liberia, and by your proclamation, issued on the first day of this year, and the plans you have laid before Congress, you have opened the gates of freedom to the millions of our negro brothers who have been deprived of their manhood by the infernal laws which have so long disgraced the civilization of America.

We believe that the endeavors already made by you are only intimations of your earnest intention to carry out to completion the grand and holy work you have begun, and we pray you to go on, unfalteringly, undauntedly, never pausing until the vivifying sun of liberty shall warm the blood and inspire the soul of every man who breathes the air of your great republic.

Be assured that in following out this noble course, our earnest, our active sympathies will be with you, and that, like our brothers in Lancashire, whose distress called forth your generous help in this your own time of difficulty, we would rather perish than band ourselves in unholy alliance with the South and slavery.

May you and your compatriots be crowned with victory! and may the future see the people of England and their brothers of America marching shoulder to shoulder determinedly forward, the pioneers of human progress, the champions of universal liberty.

A PRAYER.

I ask not wealth, but power to take
And use whate'er I have aright;
Not years, but wisdom that shall make
My life a profit and delight.

I